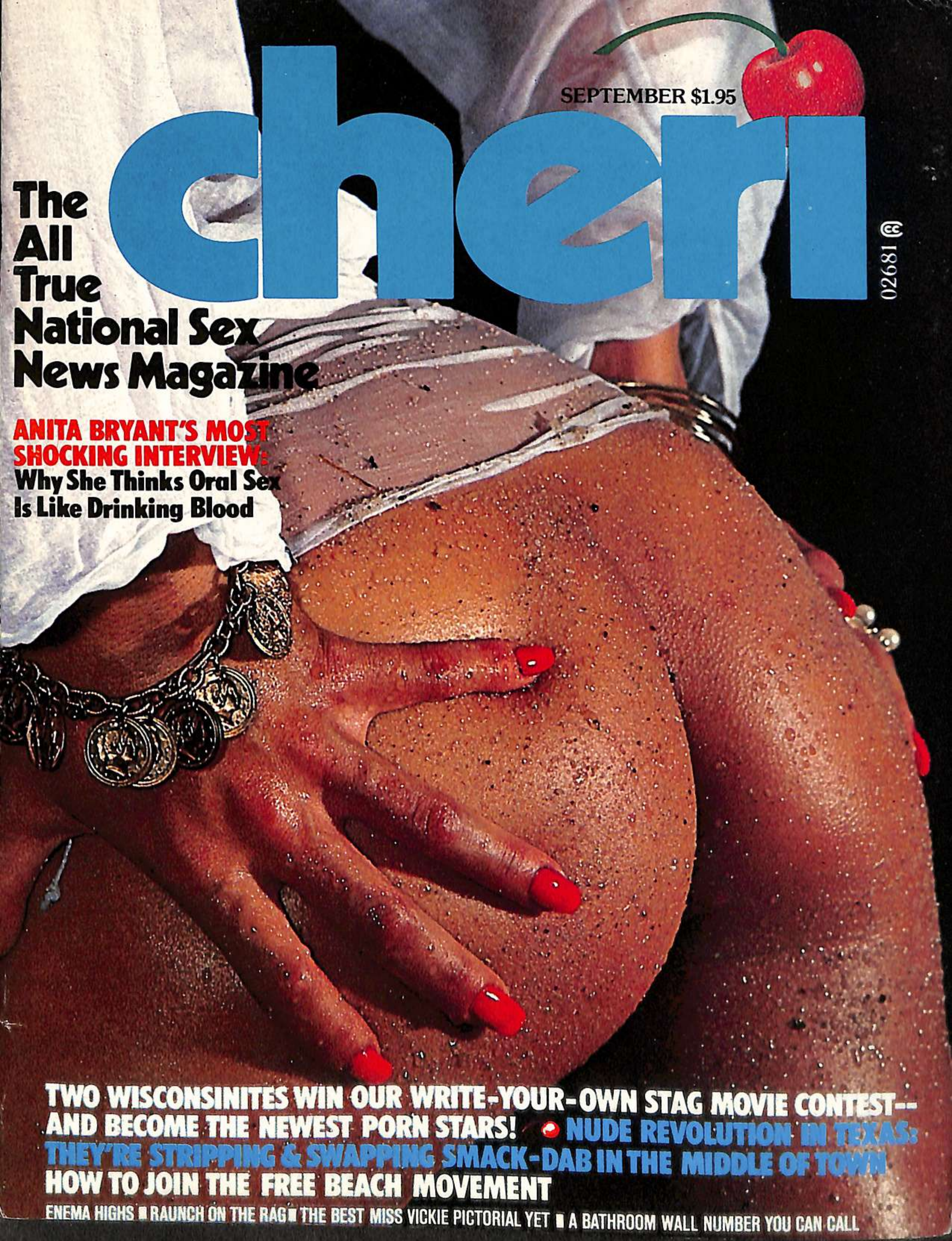

SEPTEMBER $1.95

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The All True National Sex News Magazine

02681

ANITA BRYANT'S MOST SHOCKING INTERVIEW:
Why She Thinks Oral Sex Is Like Drinking Blood

TWO WISCONSINITES WIN OUR WRITE-YOUR-OWN STAG MOVIE CONTEST-- AND BECOME THE NEWEST PORN STARS! • **NUDE REVOLUTION IN TEXAS: THEY'RE STRIPPING & SWAPPING SMACK-DAB IN THE MIDDLE OF TOWN**

HOW TO JOIN THE FREE BEACH MOVEMENT

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When Britt and Brian Loveland of Janesville, Wisconsin, read about our Write-Your-Own-Stag-Movie Contest, their first reaction was, "Bullshit, it'll never happen." But they took a chance and entered.

Two months ago, they starred in their first sex movie with CHERI model-writer Annie Sprinkle. Now they're true believers.

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cheri

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85 MISS VICKIE; PART TWO
Written by and starring America's most glamorous dominant.

The CHERI softball team (a classically ragtag collection of misfits assembled in the CHERI manner—saved only by the glamorous presences of the likes of Fanne Foxe, Jody Maxwell, Cherry Bomb, and Jimmy Angel) has, despite its winning record, been learning a lot about life in the Bigs. We play in the New York Publishing League's coeducational division, against such heavies as *The Village Voice*, *New Times*, *Sport*, and the *New Yorker*.

What we have found, as a for-instance, is that the so-called "liberated" magazines, those paper soapboxes for the sophisticatedly free lifestyle, have plenty of problems digging up four women to play on their team. Not CHERI. The *Village Voice* tried to pass off two young boys as girls when they played us, while their wives and lovers sat on the sidelines watching.

At CHERI, we know the value of female participation. After all, without pussy, there would be no CHERI. We never have trouble finding girls, getting them to play with us, and keeping them satisfied.

Playing ball or putting out a magazine, we are unique in that almost every voice you hear in this magazine is a woman's. At the *Village Voice*, the women are window dressing. At CHERI, they *are* the magazine. If women's lib means being a highly-prized spectator, we don't want it.

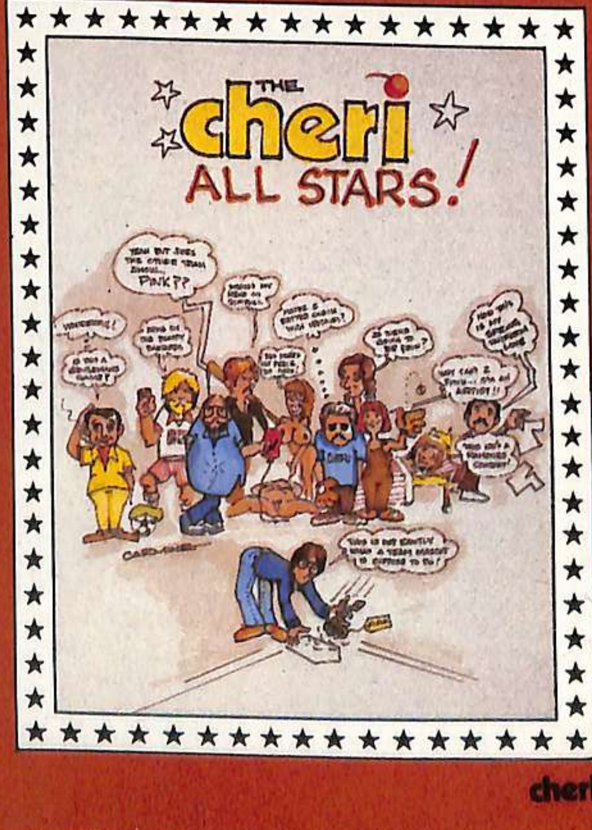
This may seem like a pretty problem for an editorial but it really isn't. As an allegedly sexist and immoral magazine, CHERI is constantly under fire. As a business organization that is run like a family, we are frequently ridiculed. What we are finding, through softball, is that the "real" world is far more perverse than we.

Andrea Ambers
Publisher

Jody Maxwell congratulates Andrea Ambers.

Centerfielder Fanne Foxe and shortstop Jimmy Angel.

Illustration by Carmine Bellucci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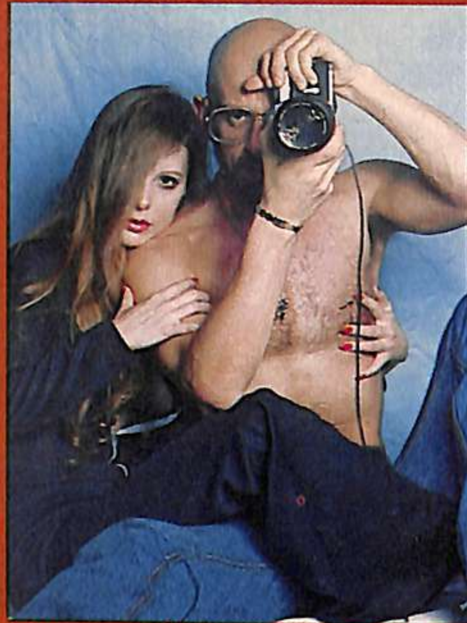
ALL STARS!
PINK??

Newest columnist, Miss Vickie Lou.



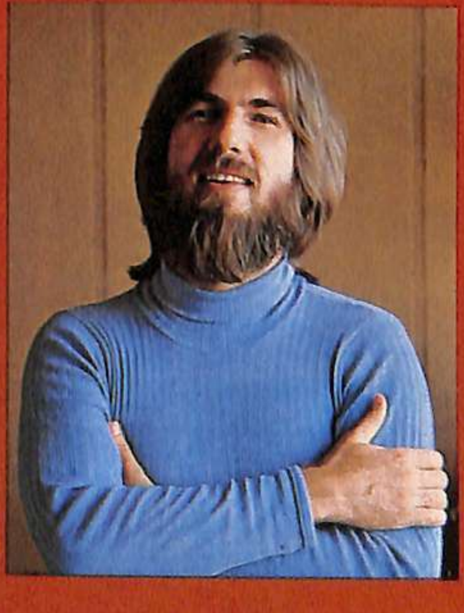
Photographer Ed Sonner and friend.

Artist Carol Baumann.

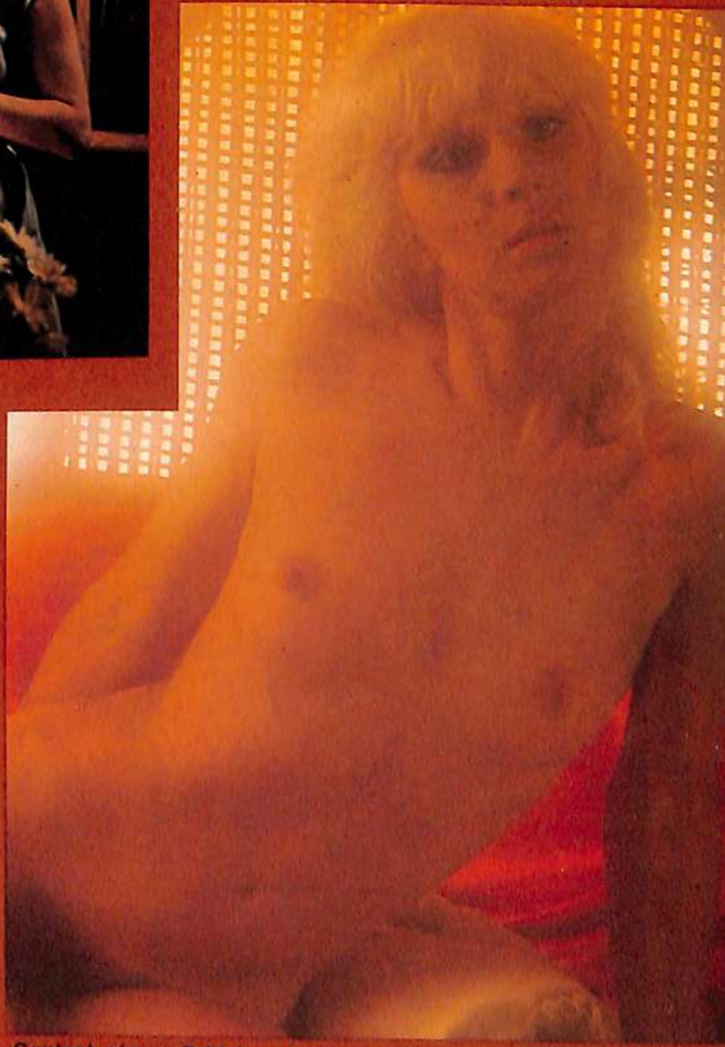
Photographer Ed. D. Louie and friend.

Peter Wolff teaches Jody Maxwell how to suck cock.

Miami's Jim Kukar



Carlos de Norman



Contest winner Britt Loveland

DAILY NEWS, WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1977

Raiders Got Massage Message in Mag

By MARCIA KRAMER and ALBERT DAVILA

An exclusive massage parlor and sex emporium that catered to affluent businessmen was raided while doing a booming business last night, and six women and three men were arrested, police said. Police learned about the place after it had been featured in a sex magazine.

In another anti-vice action yesterday, the city succeeded in temporarily closing down a Times Square massage parlor where a 12-year-old girl, police said, was working as a prostitute and earning at least $200 a day.

The raided establishment was the Wall Street Club, which occupied the entire fifth floor of a loft-building at 203 W. 38th St. The club had a bar, a stage where live sex acts were performed, a projector for pornographic movies and four small bedrooms where women took customers, police said.

Eight plainclothes vice cops pretending to be businessmen staged the raid and caught 30 customers, police said. The well-dressed johns, some of whom reportedly arrived in limousines, were searched but not arrested.

Some women who were arrested were naked, and others were scantily clad, police said. Five were charged with prostitution, and the sixth was charged with selling liquor—at $2.50 a drink — without a license.

Read About Place

The three men who were seized were charged with promoting prostitution and operating an unlicensed club.

Police of the public morals squad of the Midtown South precinct said they had learned of the operation when it was featured in a photo story in the February issue of Cheri, a sexually oriented magazine.

However, they did not know the address until a disgruntled customer told it to them.

The other massage parlor closed down yesterday was the Bar Harem at 777 Eighth Ave. at 47th St. Supreme Court Justice Thomas Hughes ordered the closing pending a hearing tomorrow on allegations that the parlor lacks proper licenses.

The story that a 12-year-old worked there came to light in court papers that included an affidavit by Officer Melvin D. Smith.

Smith said he first encountered the girl last year in a brawl with a known prostitute outside a cheap West Side hotel and had her placed in a Staten Island shelter. But she ran away twice, he said.

Truck Stop's A Trunk Stop

Haines City, Fla. (UPI) — Drivers on U.S. Highway 27 were stopped yesterday so that 23 elephants could lumber across the road for weigh-in at a truck-stop scale.

Th elephants, performers at Circus World, are weighed once a year to help determine their health and growth, according to Bill (Buckles) Woodcock, superintendent of elephants at the game park.

CHERI MAGAZINE SEZ: Our most shocking centerfold ever!

She's young, firm, beautiful...She pursues her lively and unique sex style despite her handicap. She is truly one of a kind! America, meet Long Jeanne Silver. You'll never forget her!"

Alex deRenzy presents

Long Jeanne Silver

A film by Alex deRenzy • in color • adults only

Here's a tip of the condom and a passionate peck on the pussy to Long Jeanne Silver, a CHERI discovery, who attains superstardom in the new Alex de Renzy movie bearing her name. While we wish the flick had concentrated more on Jeanne as an inspiration to other handicapped citizens, we still enjoyed it and urge you to.

AMERIcheri

BIOGRAPHY OF A BULLSHIT BUST

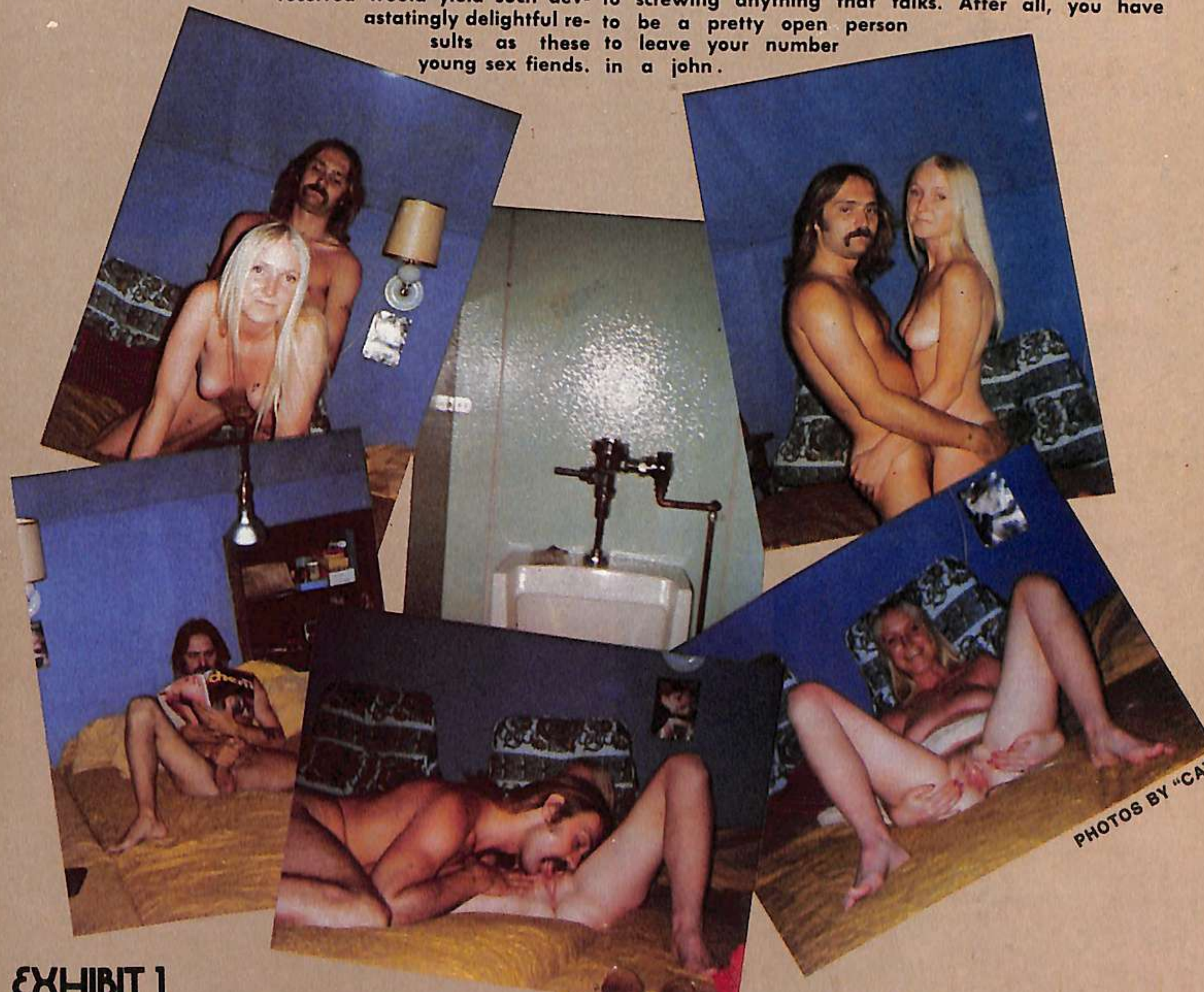
We call ourselves the "National Sex News Magazine", and we try our best to live up to that statement. When, in our March issue, we ran a long picture story on a secret New York sex club that catered to Wall Street brokers, we're sure that many of our readers said, "Bullshit!" Well, the headlines from New York's *Daily News* prove we tell the truth. Two months ago, NYC cops, claiming to have been alerted to the story by CHERI's article (which did *not* give a location, by the way), busted the bulls-and-bears bordello and claimed a tremendous coup in the fight against sex establishments. The whole mess is chock-full of taurine turds —it's just another flashy splash in the fruitless campaign by Gotham's minibrained minimayor to grab a few easy headlines with cheap shots at the erotic underground. For one thing, everybody and his brother knew about the so-called "Wall Street Sex Club" and it didn't take a Columbo to figure out its location. We suspect the fuzz knew the poop all along and were just waiting for a slow spot in Abie Babie's campaign to do their thing. But there's a much greater overriding issue. The major complaint against prositution is that it creates a public nuisance and attracts undesirable elements. The Wall Street Club was located in a desolate, commercial part of the city and attracted a very classy clientele. It's exactly the kind of place you'd want if prostitution were legalized: safe, clean, not gaudy, not blaring its wares, and not affecting the lives of anybody but its workers and patrons.

GREAT AMERICAN CLITS

By DIANA CLAPTON

CHERI's "Phone Search" and "Tits and Clits" mini-contests have turned up a winning combination this month in the flesh of a copulating couple from Lansing, Michigan. Who would have believed that the phone number we received would yield such devastatingly delightful results as these young sex fiends.

Not only did they cooperate with us to the extent of sending us their pictures, but their continued correspondence, printed here to share with you, indicated to us their honesty and sincerity with regard to screwing anything that talks. After all, you have to be a pretty open person to leave your number in a john.



PHOTOS BY "CAT"

EXHIBIT 1

Dear Friends,

My boyfriend and I just picked up your June issue of CHERI. Of all the magazines on the newsstands today, we both feel yours is the best.

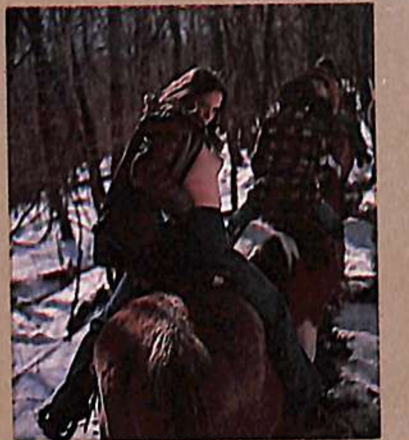
You say you don't get many letters from women so I plan on changing that right now. My boyfriend called Mimi Mammari (Grunt Calls) the other day and she said we should write you about ourselves and send along some pictures. Here we are.

I'm really into exhibitionism, so you know I'll get off on all the people looking at my open cunt in your magazine. Some of the other things I love to do are sucking cock, getting fucked in the ass, threesomes with both guys and girls, swinging sex orgies, and lots of masturbation. But what I love most is getting fucked in the ass and sucking a suck at the same time while I rub my clit. I really love the taste and feel of come. When the guy I'm sucking off comes in my mouth I swallow it all. When the guy who's fucking me in the ass comes, I make him pull it out and come on my face. Sometimes I just have my man jackoff so I can eat his sweet come. I think he likes to swallow come as much as I do. After someone fucks me he likes me to sit on his face so he can suck the come from my pussy.

My man wrote my number on the name of a bathroom at an X-rated movie house. I sure had a lot of fun phone calls. I also got to suck off the biggest cock I've ever

(Continued on page 80)

AMERIcheri



Don & JoJo & Marc & Suzanne:

BORSCHT BELT BARTERERS

By Sue LeBeau

Don and JoJo, operators of New York City's heaviest swing club, the notorious Underground in lower Manhattan, are also well-known and respected swing organizers for their work in sponsoring other meeting places for swingers to gather and unite in lusty retreat.

Naturally, when we heard that they were throwing a party at a hotel outside of the city, we sent our roving swinger-reporters Sue LeBeau and her mate, Marc, to case the place and report back on the scene. What they discovered was a sensational week-end involving hundreds of common folk like you and us who find swinging the most fulfilling and exciting way to spice up their sex lives. Here is their report, from the time they arrived at destination X, until the time they returned, exhausted, home . . .

"Swinging in the Mountains is a far cry from those Dental Floss Conventions so familiar to Jewish hotels. 'Management' freaked when Marc and I mounted the stage to do our private party sex show."

I've been to orgies before where the participants literally balled through the night, but the idea of spending an entire weekend with 100 or so swinging couples with nothing but sex, sex, sex . . . sucking, fucking and screwing in every possible combination and permutation gave me plenty to think about. I must admit I was getting pretty juicy thinking about things to cum while I sat relaxing and fantasizing, while Marc navigated his way towards the Catskills. I wondered if the old Borscht Belt would ever be the same after the onslaught by more than 200 libidinous lovers of lust. I'm sure we weren't the first group to rattle the jaded rafters. As the saying goes, "You don't have to be Jewish to love Love!"

We finally arrived at the location which must remain nameless, because although the management was more than willing to take swingers' money and tolerate their debauchery, they must have felt that come Monday they could return to their stalwart reputation as a family resort. As a matter of fact, the management was so uptight that the standing rule was that any staff member who was not working had to be out of the main house, and one unfortunate lad was fired for wandering to the bar for a coke. It was truly a shame because most of us lusted after one or another of the staff

(Continued on page 70)

PUBLIC ENEMA No 1

DUE TO THE "GOOD TASTE CODE" WE CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT THIS IS

MEXICO CITY ENGINE No. 8

"MAYAN VASE FOUND IN GUATEMALA UNDER THE RUBBLE OF A BURNT OUT FIRE HOSE.

A SERIES OF ARTICLES CONCERNING THE ANCIENT PRACTICE OF GETTING WELL WHILE GETTING STONED THROUGH THE BACK PORCH.

IT IS A FACT THAT WE ARE ANIMALS WITH THE ABILITY TO USE OUR BRAINS, THE OLDER WE GET THE WISER WE GET, BUT IT IS TOO A FACT THAT THE OLDER WE GET THE HARDER IT BECOMES TO UNCLOG OUR DIGESTIVE TRACK. THE SOUTH AMERICAN INDIAN SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN VERSED ON THIS PARTICULAR SUBJECT. THE REASON FOR US TO THINK THIS WAY IS EXPLAINED CLEARLY ON VASES FOUND IN THE REGIONS WHERE THE MAYAN CIVILIZATION ONCE FLOURISHED.

THE ORIGINAL USE WAS MEDICINAL, IN THE OLD WORLD KING LOUIS XIV SUFFERED FROM EXTREME CONSTIPATION SO MUCH SO, THAT IT IS SAID HE HAD OVER 2000 ENEMAS DURING HIS REIGN, SOME TIMES EVEN WHILE HOLDING COURT AND RECEIVING FOREIGN DIGNITARIES DURING THE PROCEDURE. NEEDLESS TO SAY HE WAS A SHITTY RULER.

MEXICAN MUSHROOM.

THE SHAPE OF SOME OF THE PLANTS USED FOR HALLUCINOGENIC PURPOSES GAVE INDIANS THE IDEA FOR THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE DRUG. SOME INDIANS, WHEN TAKING IT ORALLY, WOULD EXPERIENCE UNDESIRABLE SIDE EFFECTS SUCH AS NAUSEA. THE INDIANS DISCOVERED THAT THE ADMINISTRATION OF INTOXICANTS RECTALLY WOULD RADICALLY ALTER THE CONSCIOUSNESS MORE RAPIDLY.

AMONG THE PLANTS USED FOR THEIR HALLUCINOGENIC POWER THE MUSHROOM WAS VERY POPULAR. ITS NAME DERIVES FROM -**ROOM**- MEANING SPACE THAT HOLDS OR CAN HOLD SOMETHING AND -**MUSH**- ANY THICK SOFT YIELDING MASS.

IF AN INDIAN WAS TO BLOW LUNCH IT MEANT TO THEM THAT HE NEEDED MORE ROOM AND AS WE KNOW THERE IS ALWAYS MORE ROOM FOR MUSHROOMS IN THE MUSH ROOM.

IT IS BEL VED THAT MEXICAN WATER LED TO THE INVENTION OF THE CORK READ ALL ABOUT IT IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT LOOK FOR OUR NEXT ISSUE WHEN WE WILL COVER TOPICS SUCH AS SAFETY TIPS, YOU AND YOUR BAG PLACES TO VISIT SUBSTITUTES AND THIER SIDE EFFECTS AND THE INVENTION OF THE CORK.

© RENE 75

AMERI

cheri

Pinky Going Pink!

RON GALELLA

A flash of the ass of Roz Kelly, the bombshell brunette a.k.a. Pinky Tuscadero on ABC's prime time series "Happy Days," displays her *derriere* at a Hollywood party for the opening of Andy Warhol's "Bad."

Paparazzi Ron Galella (persona non grata among notables like Jackie O. and Marlon B.) caught the actress with her pants pulled at the home of socialite Susan Torrell who was hostessing the otherwise tame gathering.

Rebel Roz, who's done her share of rabble-rousing in the past (including begging a certain men's magazine editor for work) is now soaring to celluloid superstardom.

Congratulations, Fonzie . . . Nice piece of action in the can you got there . . . AAAAAHHH!!

Krool Kool Kovers

PHOTOS BY "T"

Sex on satin sheets seem like sissy stuff to you? Zoo animals and insipid island scenes, cowboys and Indians, Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck all fine for the kids but not your style? Plain white covers no cover-up for telltale cum stains?

Then Krool Kool Kovers are the sheets for you. There's one of Krool Kool herself in mistress garb to remind you of that submissive part of your character that needs immediate attention in bed; and there's another pattern that illustrates playtime positions preposterous enough to try at least once.

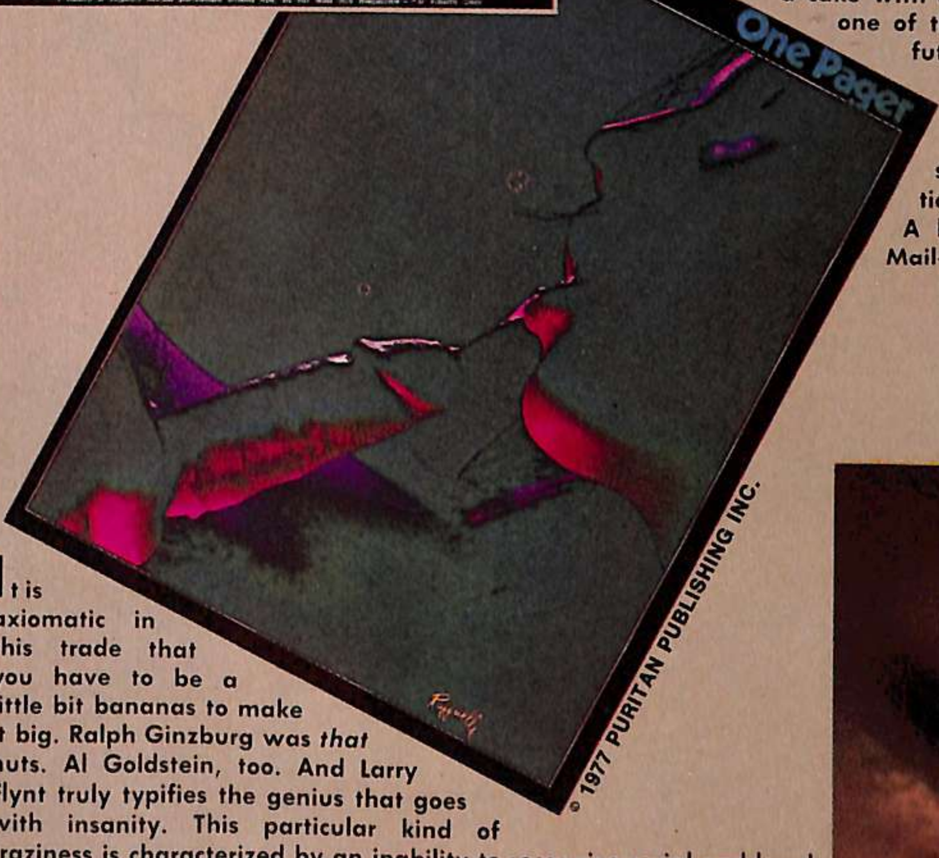
Brochures are $2.00 each from Krool Kool, Box 742, Pompano Beach, Florida. 33061

Kool, who is featured here lying on her own sheets, will be featured in the October CHERI. Don't miss her!

THE PURITAN ETHIC:

A PORN STAR IS BORN

PURITAN
Premier National Issue!!
Complete Swingers Section
KISSING COUSINS
VIVID CLOSE-UPS
Occult Sexual Power
Animal Love
Kinkiest Sex
Legals
GIRL & GIRL
Celebrities in Bed
EXCLUSIVE: Erotic 50's Photos
Marc 10½ Stevens
WOMEN WHO LOVE ORGIES
EXPLICIT SEXUAL MATERIAL
FOR ADULTS ONLY
PLUS... HOT FULL-LENGTH BOOK ...AND MUCH MUCH MORE



© 1977 PURITAN PUBLISHING INC.

It is axiomatic in this trade that you have to be a little bit bananas to make it big. Ralph Ginzburg was *that* nuts. Al Goldstein, too. And Larry Flynt truly typifies the genius that goes with insanity. This particular kind of craziness is characterized by an inability to recognize social and legal limits and a passionate desire to fly in the face of the clearly impossible. Now along comes the looniest of the lot, and he's the editor of a brilliant new small-run, hard-core masterpiece with the unlikely name of *Puritan*. *Puritan* is the first intelligent explicit-sex magazine ever produced. *Puritan* is slick. *Puritan* is smart. *Puritan* is passionate. It excites the gonads and massages the mind. It is a work of love and speaks lovingly of its subject. The first issue, full of great explicit pix and stories, sold out in two months—but we suspect it'll be around on a quarterly basis for years to come. Of its editor, we're not so certain and, in fact, we're already baking him a cake with a file in it. Anyhow, if you want to be one of those who makes an investment in the future of porn, we suggest you write *Puritan* at 2014 Siegfried Ave., Northampton, Pa. 18067. The book is $7.95 in bookstores and on newsstands. But you can get a year's subscription for $19.95 and two years for $25.65. A half-year sub (two issues) is $11.00. Mail-order, the premier issue costs $7.95.

AMERICHERI

CLITS ON A SHELL

C.B.L.'s main responsibility here at CHERI is composing our once-a-week Most Valuable Pussy award for the girl who made our softball team look good last game. Let's say he's short on conscience with his renderings. But against the stream, he is working on reducing—both his jellyroll—and the company expense account at the only New York joint perverted enough to give us credit: the Poop Pizzeria, of course, (June, 1975, *Heavy on the Anchovies, Guido!!*).

Not only are they heavy on the anchovies, but their new cook, our old contributor Ed D. Louie, had about enough of C.B.L.'s complaints about the food and sent up a razor clam cunt and his oyster Special, hoping that maybe someone would be dumb—or horny—enough to take either of them at face value.

Guido himself delivered the devil's delight, calling one the fried clitoris of a lately deceased film star; it still steamed. Next, he stabbed the second twat on-a-shell with a yellow-fever infected hypodermic needle and dared our already infected staff to take a bite. We declined the invitation, and Guido went off by himself mumbling something about hunger in Third World Nations . . .

ED. D. LOUIE

søviets get naked

V. Velikzhanin/Tass

Soviet director Yuri Lyubimov has brought Mikhail Bulgakov's satirical novel "The Master and Margarita" to the Moscow stage complete with Christ, Satan, a naked woman and some politically risque dialogue.

The novel tells the story of a visit by Satan and his entourage of mischief-makers to Stalinist Moscow where they expose a society permeated by bribery, corruption and special privilege and tyranized by a bureaucracy which hauls sane people off to mental hospitals and innocent people to prison. Interwoven are episodes from the Master's book telling of Christ tried and crucified by a remorseful Pontius Pilate.

The production at Lyubimov's Taganka Theater is causing a stir among Moscow intellectuals for whom the long-suppressed 1930s novel has become something of a cult object since its publication here a decade ago. As social and political commentary it is still relevant to contemporary Soviet policy. Paradoxically, tickets are in such demand that it takes the kind of pull the play satirizes to reserve one of the theater's 620 seats.

Bulgakov, the author, was born in Kiev in 1891, studied medicine but turned to writing novels and plays until censorship tightened in the 1930s. He worked as assistant producer and literary adviser at the Moscow Arts Theater. Bulgakov completed "The Master and Margarita" in 1938. He went blind in 1939, and died in 1940. His widow kept the manuscript secret until 1966. In 1967 it appeared in serial form in the magazine *Moskva*, and later in book form both in the Soviet Union and in the West.

Censorship problems with the production caused it to be put off until now from the original target date of the tenth anniversary of Taganka Theater three years ago. It was permitted to be done on "an experimental basis" only and received no state funding.

FRUIT FANTASY

number one

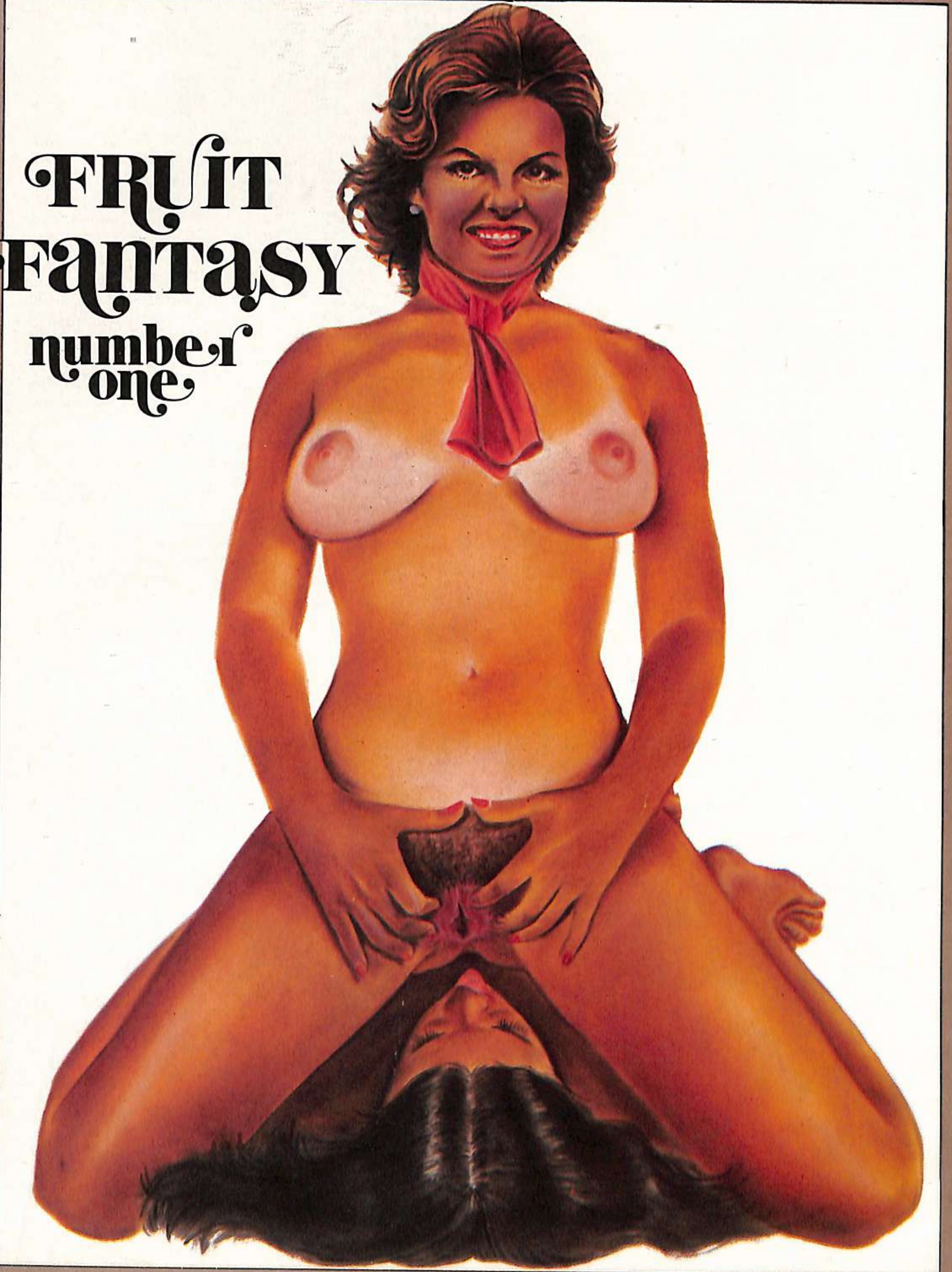


Illustration by Ed D. Louie

The Great Escape-

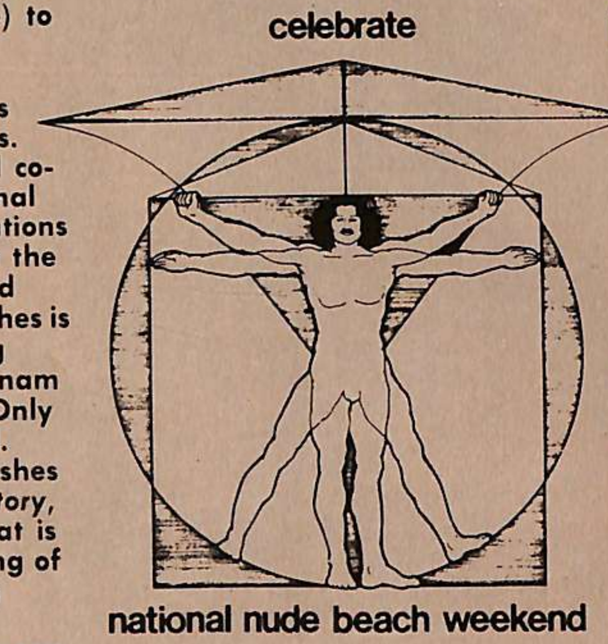
Skinny Dipping in the U S of A

It took a former political activist ('60s vintage) to finally organize a solid front for legalizing clothes-optional beaches across the United States. Lee Baxandall, national coordinator for the National Nude Beach Day celebrations carried out annually on the July 4th week-end, said organizing for free beaches is the same as organizing groups against the Vietnam War was in the '60s. Only now it's more peaceful.

Baxandall also publishes the *Free Beaches Directory*, a newsprint tabloid that is the most complete listing of favored skinny-dipping spots in America.

For a contribution you can receive the *Free Beaches Directory* and help Baxandall keep publishing his listings. Even more important, send along your local skinny-dipping spot for inclusion in next year's directory, to Free Beaches, PO Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54901.

"Free Beaches," by the way, is not necessarily interested in establishing strictly nude bathing areas. Clothes-optional bathing areas are the byword, and supporters hope to open sanctioned beaches where you can make the choice to put on swimwear—rather than be dogmatic like those who now swear by swimming suits. •



A Sunshine Sampler From The "Free Beach Directory"

GREENFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

How to Find the Skinny-Dip Holes
Some of us in Greenfield joke about how to find a skinny-dip hole: "Look for cars parked alongside the road with bumper-stickers that say, 'no nukes.'" A large nuclear power plant is proposed for the area and of course it is opposed by most skinny dippers.

OHIO

The Buckeye Trail—Good Hiking
760 miles of the Buckeye Trail through Ohio leaves lots of secluded sites for an occasional dip while into camping, or perhaps a daytrip to a glen.

Borrow or buy Jerry Sullivan and Glenda Daniels' *Hiking Trails in the Midwest* . . .

MICHIGAN

Sanilac State Park
This is our favorite site. Take I-94 north out of Detroit to Port Huron, then north on to U.S. 25 along Lake Huron, to about four miles north of Richmondville. Look for Sanilac State Park sign on your right. . . . Topless swimming and sunbathing is just to the left of the parking area, which the seldom-seen rangers can't spot right off. . . . We have never been hassled on this beach.

FLORIDA

Fort Myers—The Sanibel-Captiva Island Free Beach
This is the most discussed free beach now on the west coast of Florida. Take Sanibel Causeway (route 867) from Fort Meyers. It is a toll road, costing $3.00, out into the Sanibel and Captiva Islands. Turn Right at Periwinkle Way. Go ½ mile to Palm Ridge . . . follow Palm Ridge 2 blocks to Sanibel in Captiva Road which angles left. Pass the Ding Darling National Wildlife Refuge. This brings you to the Gulf of Mexico at Coconut Drive, where you park. Wade across the narrow and shallow Blind Pass lagoon. Stroll through several hundred yards of wooded area and you will be at BOWMAN'S BEACH, the isolated clothes-optional area . . .

GEORGIA

Plains . . . Where Jimmy Carter Skinny-Dipped
. . . Jimmeh Carter, being jes plain folks, would skinny dip with his pals below the bridge on the creek in Plains. Be sure to do it yourself while in town. After all, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Where to Join the Free Beach Movement

Los Angeles Beachfront
P.O. Box 90191
Los Angeles, CA 90009

Beachfront Vermont
Riverside Drive
Milton, VT 05468
(802) 893-4027

Sun Coral, Orange County
2-43 University Center
800 N. State College Blvd.
Fullerton, CA 92634
(714) 750-5000

Central California
Beachfront
P.O. Box 351
Lompoc, CA 93436

Beachfront New York
P.O. Box 427
New York, NY 10028
(212) 697-1225

Galveston Free Beach
Campaign
c/o Santaniello
1818 Sealey
Galveston, TX 77550

Beachfront Minneapolis
26 Arthur Avenue, #203
Minneapolis, MN 55414
(612) 231-2052

Central Atlantic Liberty League
P.O. Box 7044
Charlottesville, VA 22906

Beachfront Fredonia
P.O. Box 432
Fredonia, NY 14063

Nude Beaches Committee
P.O. Box 99581
San Diego, CA 92109
(714) 298-4490

Columbia River Beachfront
112 West 45 St.
Vancouver, WA 98660
(206) 693-8818

Cape Code Free Beaches
P.O. Box 300
Truro, MA 02666
(617) 349-2413

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Devil's Slide Free Beach, California

AMERI cheri

Cherry Bomb's ROCK WORLD

The Dictators in the flesh

I want to start this column by letting you know that I do *not*—contrary to popular belief—have a 60-inch chest. Actually, it's 61 inches. Got that, Peter?

Now that I've gotten that off my (pick your favorite noun), let me tell you about my month. It was a fast time that included an unannounced gig by Carly Simon, a spectacular show by Angel, and finished up with a riot in Tampa at a Led Zeppelin concert in the middle of a thunderstorm.

Best of all, I met the *Dictators*. What violent image does that name conjure up? Hitler? Mussolini? Peter Wolff?

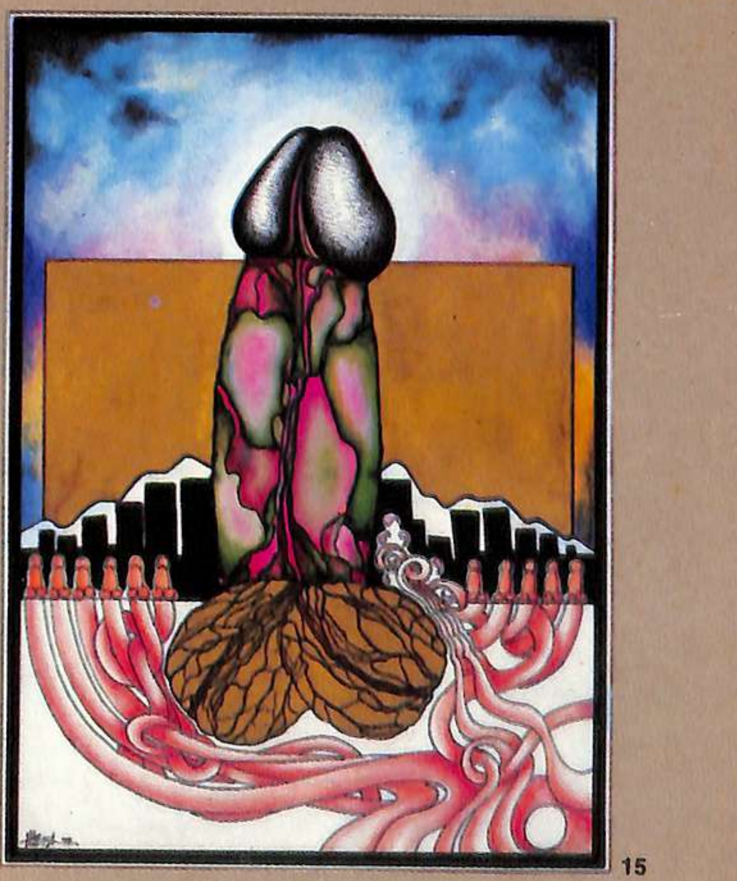
In reality they're one of the wildest rock bands in New York, six heavy metal monsters sprung from the sewers of the Bronx—and the purest reason I can show you why a girl like me becomes a groupie in the first place. I first caught their act at *CBGB's*, the classic punk dive on the Bowery, and their musicianship blew me away. I tend to tip over a lot anyway, but the sight of Handsome Dick Manitoba, their pummelling, woolly-bear lead singer launching into "Master Race Rock," with that throbbing wall of sound tearing up behind him, is something no real rock fan could ever forget. Goaded on by Ross the Boss Funichello on lead guitar, Scott "Top Ten" Kemper on rhythm, Rich Teeter on drums, Mark "The Animal" Mandoza on bass and Adny Shernoff on keyboards, Dick—who for some time has been calling himself the handsomest man in rock & roll—snarls out songs that stick deep inside. If you run out right now and buy their new Elektra-Asylum album, "Manifest Destiny," you can play it ten times a night like I do and get the same sensation—well, *almost*.

Plus they misbehave all the time, which has made them a legend around town, so we have a lot in common. Handsome Dick—who would believe he was once only a rambunctious roadie?—peppers his performances with insults, dirty jokes, complaints about the sound system and, when provoked, physical abuse. The excitement has gotten so intense he's even heaved french fries at the audience. It really is a joy to

(Continued on page 82)

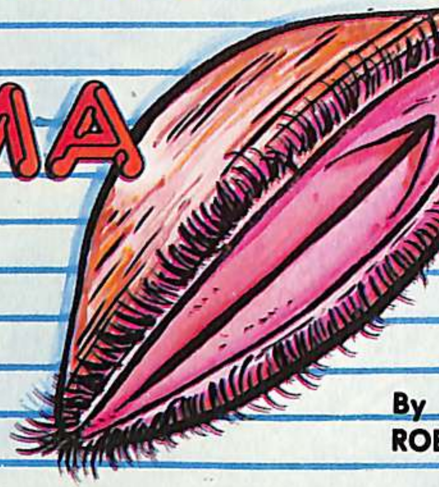
Jimmy Angel with a class fox

MUNCH MY MAST!



HELEN HERSH

CLAM·O·RAMA



CHERI's monthly review of fliXXX about town

By
ROBERT AMSEL

ERUPTION Filmed in a modern-day Hawaii that looks like El Lay, *Eruption* is a *Double Indemnity* tale about a faithless wife and her insurance broker who commit murder. The dialogue is tepid, the acting non-existent, and the sex scenes noninspirational. Even porn regulars John Holmes and Leslie Bovee seem bored by all the stillness. As Leslie's stepdaughter, Susan Hart is a dynamite blonde who should stick to screwing and leave cocksucking to the more experienced femmes. Although an honest attempt has been made to integrate the sex scenes into the plot, the story itself contains more loopholes than cuntholes. Some gynecological close-ups will astound medical students.

REFLECTIONS A film aimed to tease, tantalize, and ultimately satisfy voyeurs. This deliciously sinful pic combines a ludicrous plot with highly explosive action sequences. An incestuous brother and sister have amorous plans for their voluptuous first cousin—plans that culminate in an unexpected, eye-opening *menage a trois*. This idea of adults portraying adolescents—as Paul Thomas, Kathy Thomas and Annette Haven do—is unintentionally funny, particularly when they decide to throw a little costume party which turns out to be an orgy that would astound Caligula. Practically everyone who is anyone in West Coast porn today makes a cameo appearance at the orgy—one you won't want to miss. Gripping, erotic stimulation!

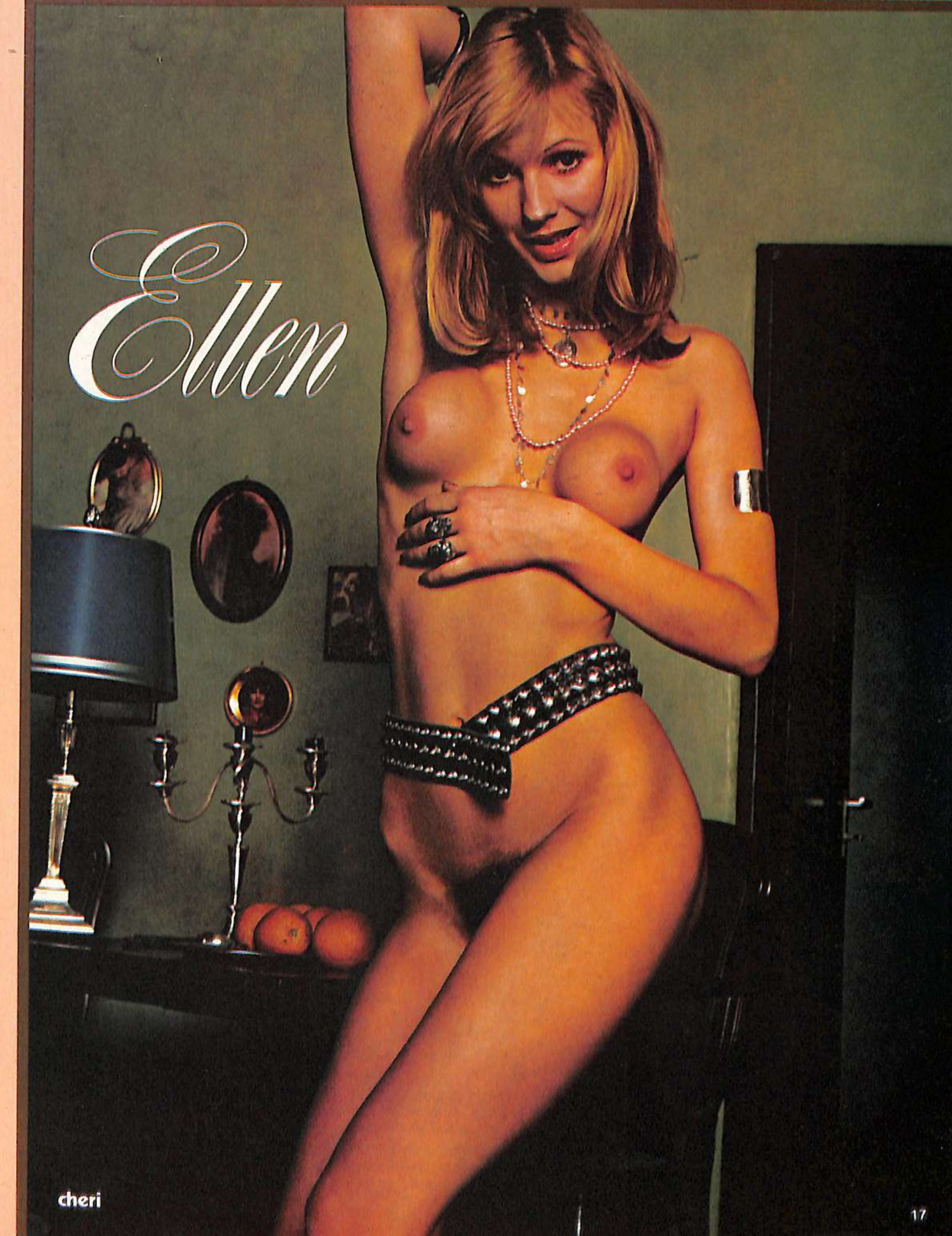
BEL AMI Filmed a year and a half ago in Stockholm, *Beli Ami* is Harry Reems's last porno flick and gives his fans a final chance to see their favorite stud in action. It is loosely based on a work by Guy de Maupassant about an unscrupulous man who uses women to achieve success and money—but with fatal consequences. In this version, however, Harry portrays a shy, almost retarded schnook who rises unwittingly to the top—thanks to the women who use *him*. The women—including Christa Linder and Maria Lynn—are voluptuous, chesty babes a la Russ Meyer. But despite fine production values and innumerable sexcapades, the erotica is less graphic than today's American porn product.

CHERRY HUSTLERS This gritty wall-to-wall action flick stars the latin bombshell Vanessa del Rio in one of her uninhibited, leg-opening performances. A totally incoherent, badly improvised story about several people who cover an overdue loan by holding a slave auction will have audiences cringing from embarrassment. A glassy-eyed, obviously stoned—or stunned—cast wallow in raunchy sex scenes that look more bestial than human. This film, which has all the class of a subway toilet, may possibly be a hit with the guiltridden, sex-is-dirty crowd. But grease, sleeze, and pimples are not my idea of erotic entertainment.

DESIRES WITHIN YOUNG GIRLS Georgina Spelvin has more of the devil in her than ever. She screws, rants, raves, cracks jokes, chews the scenery and provides audiences with a helluva good time. She plays a high-living, high-flying mama whose sole ambition is to see her two nubile daughters married to wealthy men. In the course of this pursuit, we view jet set sexcapades in abundance—all lushly, erotically charged. The hot-to-trot daughters are played by volatile, vixenish Annette Haven and flame-haired newcummer Clair Dia. A variety of orgy games are explored by a large, fun-loving, devilishly attractive cast... highly recommended.

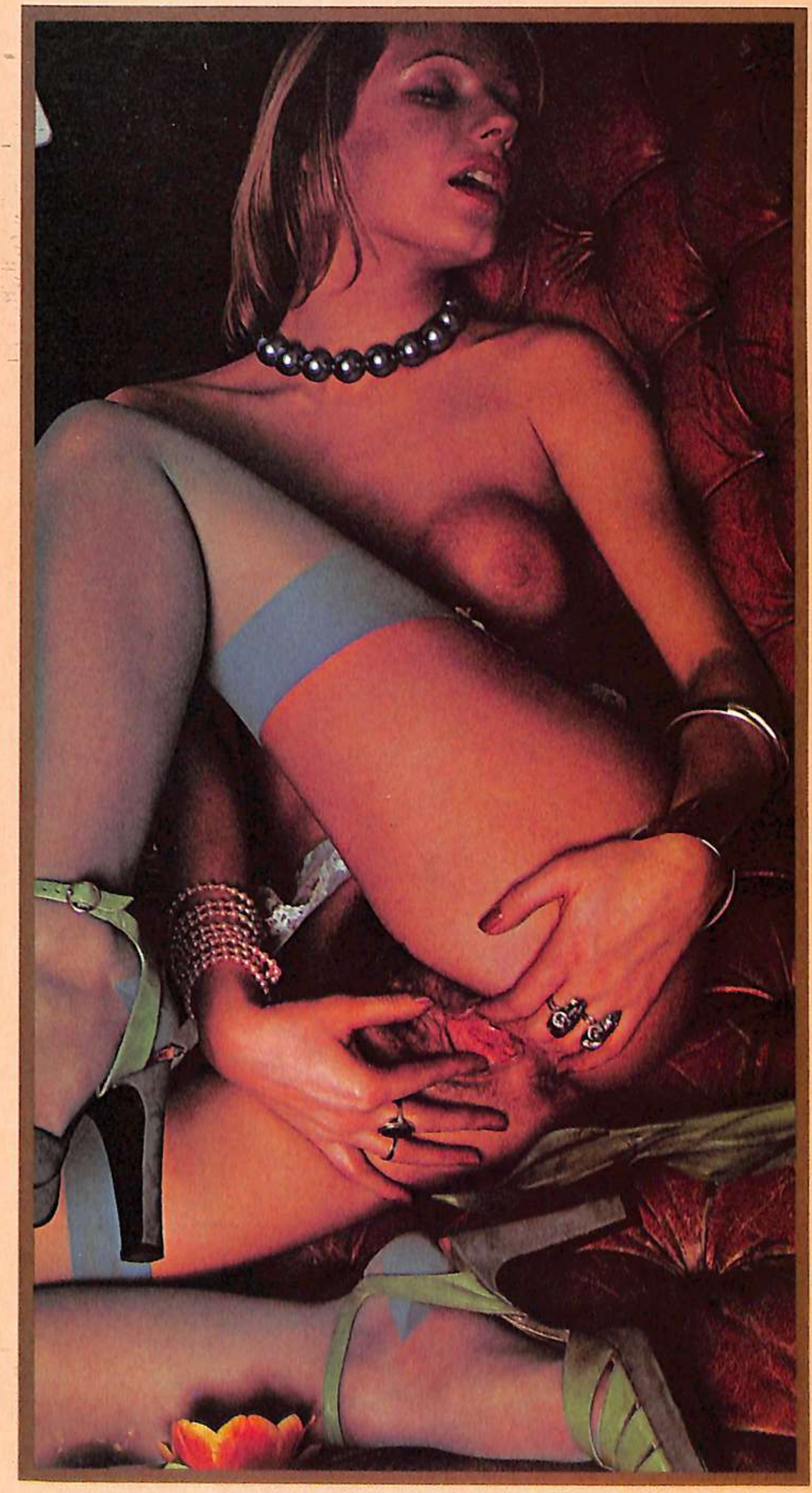
ALL NIGHT LONG This gritty, gamy look at the world's oldest after-hours sport provides some dashing sexpertise. A sex club holds an annual contest to judge which of two young studs has the best and longest staying power. Each of the contestants is given a series of assignments—or sex sessions—to be completed before his opponent. The winner is guaranteed five amorous felines a day for the next year. Sigh! John Holmes and Ric Lutze each fuck up a tornado with assorted geisha girls, coffee-colored cuties, discipline dames, luscious lesbians, etc. Despite annoying background muzak and occasionally spotty color quality, *All Night Long* is itself a winner.

Ellen

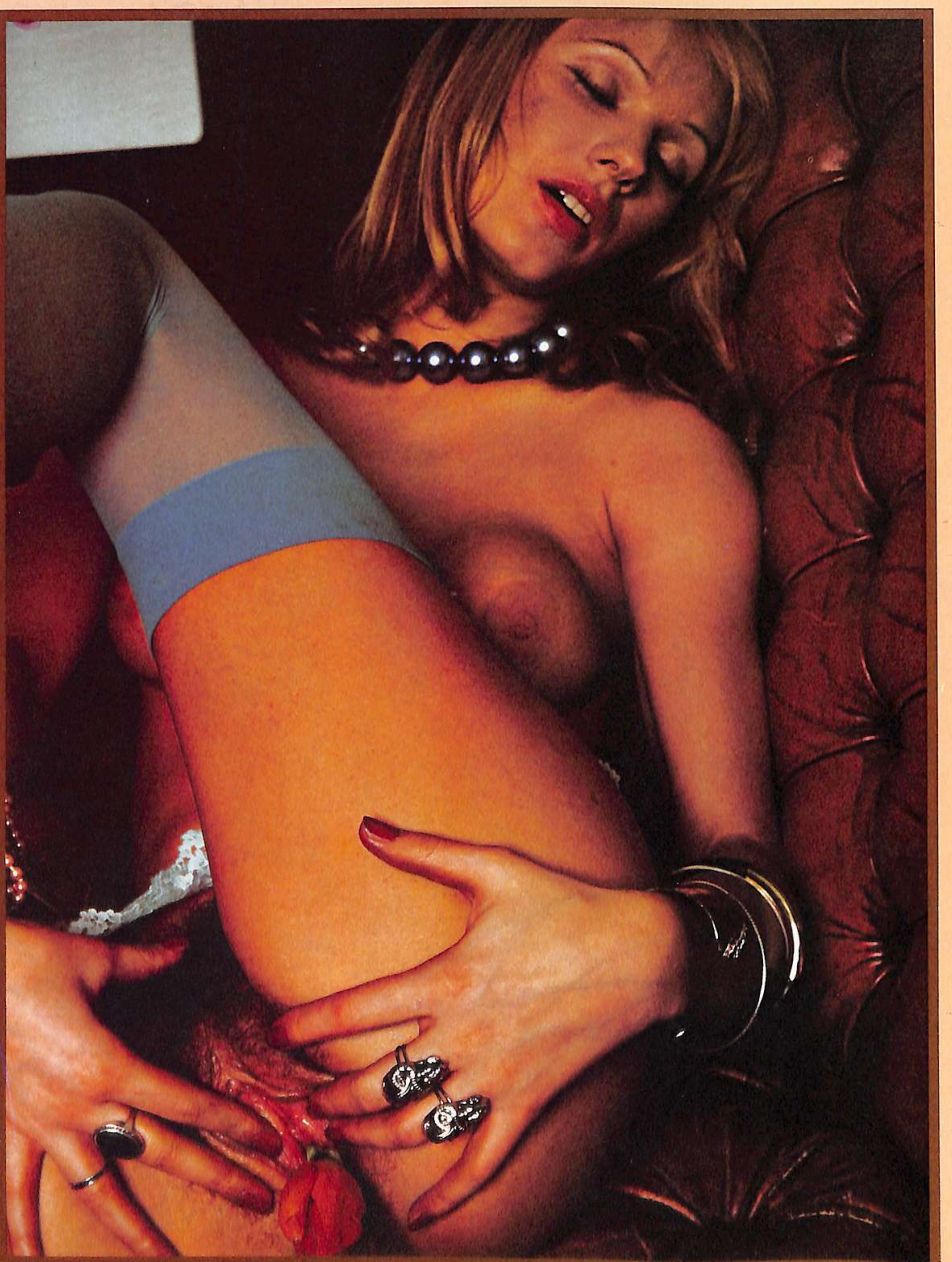


Ellen Holmes
is English.
Big fucking
deal. We wish
she were
from Kansas.

Ellen Holmes is English. We think. Actually, times are hard in the American skin trade. All the good models have been shot the shit out of. In fact, the only new faces you see in most American mags are European girls. And the problem there is that by the time their pictures reach America, nobody knows anything *real* about the girls. This is a point we've belabored over and over again—only because it's such a pain in the ass for us to come up with true and readable copy to accompany their pictures. Fortunately, at CHERI, we shoot about 80% of our photos at our own studios. As a result, we get to know the models personally (and, often, intimately) and can later translate our perceptions and conversations into an interesting story to go with the photos we print. Sorry for boring you all. We promise that the article on the following page will be more interesting.



At CHERI, we shoot 80% of our girls ourselves.
We get to know them personally - and intimately.



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Address ____________________
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State____________ Zip________

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

photo by PETER HURD

Overripe Renee—Cranshaw Queen of CHERI Magazine—roots around in the rarified netherworld of postal porn, revealing that what you seek, fans, ain't always what you get. But if sticky panties, used stockings and technicolor teenies gone bad get you hot, where else can you go? Woolworth's? Write our mail-order maven here at CHERI.

FUCKY-SUCKY FANTASY FILMS

by RENEE ROUSSEAU

Shades of Cecil B. DeMille! The other day I unearthed yet another clever example of the amazing wealth of exotica available to devoted pornophiliacs. "See your fantasies on film, your script or story made into a silent or sound movie. Minimum per script, $500. Send for details, $1.00." So read the enticing ad buried away in the back pages of a musty drugstore skin mag.

No doubt the cost of such flicks prevents most people from checking into this deal, but I sent away to NuVue at 324 South First Street, Alhambra, CA 91802, if only to discover just how they operate their sensual celluloid setup.

A form letter soon was jetting back bearing a cinematically suitable Hollywood return address. It seems these folks indeed promise to immortalize John Q. Public's immorality on the silver screen. If you're willing to pay between $400 and $2,500 ("Price depends on how complicated your story is") you can frolick with your own private version of La Dolce Vita. In the less expensive package you get the services of two actresses, while the snazzier productions offer 16mm.sound reels filmed on location "With special props and costumes" for the big spenders in the crowd. (The films, in case it isn't clear, are shot to order and sent to you; the client doesn't actually take part in the making of these horny extravaganzas.)

NuVue included photos of their homegrown starlets as a tempting preview of cumming attractions for fortunate customers.In one shot, a very sexy nude blonde simply stood facing the camera while the other snaps were much more elaborate and looked to be stills from the company's archives:

Scene One: A long-haired teen nymphet attired in a tight, tit-revealing T-shirt and jeans spanks a guy lying spread-eagle on a bed with his pants pulled down.

Scene Two: A chunky chick wearing a skimpy bathing suit steps firmly on a groveling man's bald head. She looks like she's having fun. He doesn't . . .

Scene Three: A stylish babe (she could've passed for a fashion model) in a denim miniskirt,cowboy hat and black high-heeled boots, paddles another coquette adorned in flimsy white panties, garters, and partially rolled down black stockings . . .

That'll give you an idea of the sort of fantasies that delight other sex maniacs. If your pocketbook stretches as far as your imagination, you too might like to pursue this tailor-made flesh film factory.

***

With gasoline prices exploding sky high is it mere coincidence that people are turning on to the joys of using their feet? I see more and more ads like this one: "FOOT WORSHIP AND WALKED-ON PICS", black and white, $2.00, color, $3.00 each. We do custom work. State age and sign you're not law or postal authority. Eck, POB 109, Eufaula, OK 74432."

These toe freaks sounded like a professional mail order house since they know all about the horrors of postal harassment. I was pleased, therefore, when they sent not the typical smudged carbon copy I'd expected, but a personal letter from their office. "It's always good to hear from a female," it read, "Especially a chick who is not afraid to show her thing." (Before you jump to wild conclusions, let me explain. When writing to them with my order I mentioned that I liked their ad. I guess that somehow referred to "showing my thing").

(Continued on page 83)

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

KANSAS CITY STARK

FINGERSUCKING ON FORTY-SECOND STREET

by JODY MAXWELL

photo by PETER HURD

Jody Maxwell, the marvel whose mouth has melted the meat of millions, writes an erotically exclusive CHERI orchard column on the nitty gritty Kansas City scene. Not only a first rate writer, Jody's juices have flowed in such epic porno flicks as Portrait, Expose Me Lovely *and—of course her singing debut in* Screw On Screen. *Ms. Maxwell eagerly awaits your cards and letters so send them in c/o CHERI.*

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

Hi Ya' All,

For a change of pace this month, I ventured away from the heartlands and headed for New York City to visit all my beautiful friends at CHERI and in the Big Apple, and to discover what other wondrous delights New York City had in store for me. As usual, I wasn't disappointed.

My first delight upon getting off the plane and stepping into LaGuardia, was CHERI's publisher, Andrea Ambers, greeting me at the gate. Coupled with that, was the sexy, solid milk chocolate (veins and all) cock given to me by editor Peter Wolff. The well-hung chocolate cock was even circumcised. I did have one problem regarding it though,—Andrea Ambers kept wanting to eat it!

My fascination with the delights of New York continued. Of course, not all of them were so obvious. For example, there was a delightful Hungarian, Les. . . .

However, I don't wish to give a wrong impression. The visit was primarily a business trip. After all, judging a national amateur cocksucking contest is hard work!

Besides being a judge (what other things?) for CHERI, I also spent some time on my acting career. Several days after I arrived, I unexpectedly found myself on stage actually *becoming* one of those special New York delights.

I had not planned on doing a stage show during this visit in New York, but then, occasionally, I can be unpredictable. Sometimes I can even be influenced. It was probably a little bit of both that led to my presence on the stage of the Show World Center, run by the famous (or infamous) Captain Kink, a.k.a. Rod Swenson.

Actually, I had been working on my act in Kansas City with the help of my good friend Chuck Williams, just before coming to New York, but I had not yet completed work on it. So although several theaters and clubs throughout the country had approached me recently, I had postponed them for another time.

Then, while in New York, I was approached by Captain Kink. He had become aware of my act through my good friend, Honeysuckle Divine. I decided to do it.

Since I did not have any costumes with me, my friends Barry Chusid and Roseanne Polizzotto of Garbo Garbs came to my rescue. Roseanne designed and created some absolutely lovely stage outfits for me. They were sheer and sexy, and made it easy to show what I wanted, *when* I wanted.

In addition to the gowns, Barry and Roseanne were also able to supply a much needed prop—an antique washbowl. The other props were easy enough to acquire.

As my week of 37 live stage shows neared, I began looking forward to working with a live audience again, and sharing some sexy fun and humor with them. I knew my audiences would be composed of many different types of people and that I had better have my wits about me. That thought stimulated me.

Also, I was aware that until recently Captain Kink's acts at the Show World were famous for their hard-core content. Although his latest shows were not hard-core, (my act wasn't either), I knew there would be a certain segment of the audience who would hope to get hard-core action from me. I tried to plan ahead on how to deal with the few pushy hard-core members of the audience I was sure to get.

My whirlwind week began with the first show on an early Monday afternoon. From my beginning moments on stage I felt good. The theater was filled with a happy, enthusiastic and receptive crowd. That's one thing stage and theater can give an actor or actress that making a film cannot—immediate feedback and motivation.

To compare my act to anyone else's, past or present, would be impossible. Actually, it would be fairly accurate to call it a form of comedy. While the early parts of the act involve anecdotes and rapping with the audience, including some questions and answers about myself, my friends and K.C., and my career, much of the following parts of the act evolved, before I was making films, from my personal life.

Never would I have dreamed that some of the things I created while having a few bourbons and sodas with friends would someday be famous all over the world, and also be useful for a stage act. For example, there is my fingersucking.

My Fingersucking Club started one night in Kansas City at a disco, while a bunch of us were having a few cocktails (love that word!). I don't smoke, but I'm such an oral person that I had been into fingersucking for years, with people I liked. We happened to get into a discussion of the psychology of sex after someone commented on my sucking Johnny Ray's finger. As our drinking progressed, so did our conversation—as well as the size of our audience. Finally, everyone was getting high on the idea of getting hard on fingers, when in walked one of Johnny's and my old and favorite friends. This guy and I had been good buddies for several years, but never lovers. He immediately wanted to know what all the excitement was about, and Johnny and I told him. Our buddy laughed and said he loved me dearly but I was nuts, that he'd *never* get turned on by his fingers being sucked. Before I knew what was happening, someone pulled out a wad of bills and handed them to Dave, the bartender, and said that he'd bet anyone that I could get our friend turned on. Then, suddenly, lots of people were pulling out money wanting to bet for or against. I remember thinking vaguely that I had never said that a guy would have a full-scale erection. Now, I was suddenly going to have to demonstrate that it could be done. Lots of people there had faith in me, so with another bourbon and soda in hand, I prepared myself for the fingersucking-created erection that I was going to give my believers.

(Continued on page 70)

I, KIM POPE

BURT REYNOLDS BUGGERING BARBRA STREISAND?

by KIM POPE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard II
for liberated men

Movie actress, director and producer, gorgeous Kim Pope is an articulate spokesperson for the whole prurience liberation movement. You saw her in Deep Sleep, *will see her soon in her latest,* Fan Bordello Baby. *Ms. Pope now divides her time between Europe and the States and welcomes letters mailed to her here at CHERI.*

photo by PETER HURD

This morning your postman had a surprise for you. Along with your bills, your junk mail, and your beloved copy of CHERI was a slim box in a plain brown wrapper. Remember that film you ordered several months ago? Well, it has finally arrived and you can't wait. Tonight you'll call up your favorite girl and the two of you will snuggle up close on the couch and watch the movie together. Then, inspired by the beauty of the actresses, combined with the obvious pleasure they have in coupling with their men, the two of you will climb to the height of ecstasy together.

Wait a minute. Why are you playing checkers and listening to Lawrence Welk instead of making love? Oh, I see, the film was a dud. The plot was stupid, the actors confused, and most of it was out of focus . . . well, I'm afraid you've learned it the hard way. When it comes to movies for the home market the quality is just awful. The mental midgets who produce these loops are only interested in parting you from your money, and in the process they leave a trail of chaos behind. The cast and crew who attempt to work with these folks come away tired, sore and disgusted.

Would you like to know why? Last week I visited a shoot that was a perfect example.

It was almost suppertime when I arrived, and at first glance it looked like any film set: camera equipment all over the place, actors sitting about waiting to be called, harried assistants fixing food for everyone. But as I looked closer, it began to resemble a circus more than a professional working set.

There were slimy men in business suits following the girls around, trying to cop a feel. When a lady protested, one of the men laughed, saying, "I am one of the backers," and that it was all in good fun—why was she so uptight, etc.

There were backers, friends of backers, and people I'm sure *nobody* knew, all hanging around with their eyeballs hanging out.

Several friends of mine were in the cast and they wearily explained that they had been there for hours trying to work, but that nobody seemed to know what to do first.

The director was wandering around in a torn tee-shirt making notes on scraps of paper, explaining to anyone who would listen that he was really a theatre director—film was new to him but it wasn't really so hard, and which end of the camera do you point at the actors anyway?

The fellow who was running the second camera had to pause every now and then to wipe his chin—he couldn't seem to stop drooling—and to interrupt the cameraman. "Hey, bud, is this thing focused?" I later found out he too was "one of the backers."

After twenty minutes of trying to figure out a shot, they would shoot it carelessly and then blame it on the actors. I thought about what a waste it is to throw away money on footage you can't possibly use.

The sets were shabby. No one seemed to notice that the props kept appearing and disappearing in and out of the shots. Someone even kept dusting the set with empty film boxes which would stay for a shot or two before they would be cleaned up.

They were ten hours behind schedule and the actors were showing the strain. They glistened with sweat and the girls' hair hung damp and limp. With their make-up gone they looked tired and annoyed. The guys were having problems getting it up. The peanut gallery wasn't helping. Honestly, there were so many extra people on the set, I was sure they were selling tickets at the door! They had even set up folding chairs to accommodate the crowd! It took them almost three hours to finish the story they were working on, and it was a disaster every step of the way.

When they broke for dinner, the cast seemed ready to strike. There were demands for overtime pay and a closed set. One fellow got slapped when he grabbed a girl in the bathroom, and some harsh words were exchanged. They still had a bondage film scheduled!

I suggested that they take this break to plan how to shoot the last film for the day. They all seemed so confused. They had had enough fun and were more than willing to abdicate their responsibility to anyone willing to take it. I agreed to direct the last loop, to hopefully give them something they could sell. I discussed the "story" outline with them and tried to put some sense to it. They had brought no props or costumes except for a tired dog leash and a torn muzzle stolen from somebody's nasty dog.

A search of the studio prop room revealed a few pieces of bondage equipment and a pile of chains. Their idea was to set the film in the dungeon of a dominant mistress to show her training her slaves. The poor fellow who was to play her slave had been told he was there for a rape film, and he turned ashen when he heard that his virgin ass was supposed to be reamed with a dildo.

We finally arranged the set, collecting enough bits and pieces to costume everyone. When no homework has been done every detail has to be worked out as you go, which makes for a long and difficult shoot. Well the scene was a real fiásco. By this time the actors were so fed up with the shoddy treatment they had been receiving that this supposedly cruel and sadistic segment turned out to look like a take from a Mussolini meets the Marx Brothers movie. Not often does the whip-wielding, leather-clad dominatrix stand beating her bare assed slave who has finally collapsed, not from pain but from a fit of giggles. Not too realistic.

People forget that a lot of actors who fall into porn are serious performers who haven't had their fair share of legitimate breaks. Just like anyone who takes their craft seriously, you must be treated with respect or else the project will be a flop. You'd be surprised at the number of heavy-acting school credentials among some of the top porn stars, plus some pretty heavy legit credits, too. Hopefully, the

(Continued on page 97)

TWIN CITY TWAT

BI IS BEAUTIFUL

by LYNN BERRY

Lynn Berry splays her yams in a sizzling sex ad that has left its hot trail through most of the Midwest. True blue in her desire to spend her life sucking cock and lapping pussy, Lynn's been kept pretty busy answering all the horny humpers who have been contacting her. Lucky for us she's found time, between sessions, to write a column for us describing what really happens when you lay it all on the line for a personal ad. Lynn welcomes all correspondence from readers and urges you to write her c/o CHERI.

Hi everybody! First let me thank all you guys, girls and couples who have written me. I have already made some great pen-pals who are exchanging some fantastic swinging photos with me. I wish I could show you all the photos that Dennis and Chris from North Minnesota sent me of Chris with one huge dildo in her cunt and another in her asshole at the same time. Naturally, I more than matched her photographic contortions, and we are going to meet them this month. They are both bisexual, so it should be a fun month for all.

Guess what—we no longer have to import our shit eating guest, Fred, from Canada. I found someone right here in Minneapolis.

Mike lives in Brainerd and his initial letter was forwarded through 'Club Mature'. It began,

My past swinging experiences have been threesome activities with other couples. I particularly enjoy being submissive to others' desires, moods and fancies. Perhaps you would prefer to invite me just to serve you or if you wish I will submit to serving others at your direction. I am not bi but I do enjoy performing orally with another male while swinging. (I guess I'm bi.) You didn't mention B&D, AC-DC, French, Greek or whatever—so I'm not sure what you dig. If your wish is to tie me up and dominate me I am ready and willing as long as there are no marks left on my body.

I answered Mike's letter and let him know what the score was. I told him I love to piss and shit in guys' mouths. I also told him about my husband John and how he digs fucking a guy or chick in the ass and how I enjoy shooting photos of all the action. The following are some excerpts from his letter I received the next week.

Well Lynn, I'm game if you are; however, John will have to restrain me as you shit in my mouth. My wife is 27 and sexually active. She loves to have me eat her and now after a year of marriage she's finally getting into sucking me off, (she won't take my load in her mouth though). I'm trying to get her interested in watersports but no luck so I can honestly tell you I'm looking forward to having you and John pee in my mouth.

While single I participated in a lot of bi activity. I used to hang out in gay bars and often I'd go home with one or more of the guys. I'll add here that John has a great looking cock and I foresee no problems with fitting it anywhere you both want it to go. If my rear is put up for grabs and you have others watching and participating I will suck all the cocks clean after they have been in my asshole. Whatever you demand, you are the masters.

Photos are okay but please be discreet as I hold down a very respectable position in a well known textile firm which would not take too kindly to a photo of you squatting over me with a big turd hanging out of your asshole.

On our first meeting I will perform for you obediently and serve both you and John and whomever else is present. However, as a special favor I would love to have a photo taken while John has his cock stuffed in my mouth or asshole. They don't have to show faces just so they show me in action.

I can't tell you how much I'm looking forward to serving you and John. The first couple I met and swung with told me this, 'Our relationship (marriage) is better now that we are swingers. Our personal sexual relations have improved tremendously. Neither of us practice adultery, we practice swinging.' Do you and John feel that way, too?

The letter went on, telling how much he wanted to meet us and get it together. I, of course, immediately wrote him back and set up a date. I'll let you all know how it turns out.

I have another series of letters that I'd like to share with you, but unfortunately this adventure didn't turn out the way we'd hoped.

About a year ago a girlfriend and I placed this ad in one of the men's magazines that has a section for swinging contacts: "Two girls both 25 and bi seek bi girls, couples, well hung studs. One of us is 5'9", 140 lbs.; the other 5'3", 100 lbs. Love French, Greek, Straight, Dildos, Vibrators, etc. Full photo(s) a must for reply."

At the end of February I received this letter, dated December 19, 1976. Great postal service, huh?

Hello and hi there,

Let me introduce myself. My name is Joan, 23, blonde, green eyes, 5'5", 116 lbs., 38-24-38.

I'm not going to beat around the bush, so I'll come right to the point. I'm very bi, and I like to swing in threesome or foursome, all girls or with males. When I saw your ad I got the feeling that you two would be an interesting couple to know and swing with.

My boyfriend, Sam, and I both work for the same airline. He is a flight communication engineer and I am a stewardess. We try to arrange to be assigned to the same flight crew and to choose whatever city we wish to go for our rest, our days off, even if it means dropping a few bucks on the dispatcher in charge of flight crew assignments. I enjoy making love to other women, but at the same time I like some rough, down to earth cock fucking. Sam is married, but he spends more time in bed with me than he does with her because she won't give him sex the way he wants it. He isn't really interested in swinging, but he will participate for my sake because he knows I get an extra kick watching him balling or frenching another chick. Sam is 32, 5'11, 175 lbs.; with a full hard-on he measures 9½" long and 5½" around. Even soft he has over 7 inches.

Usually when we swing with another girl we go out for dinner and cocktails first, then find a nice motel. We bring along a radio/cassette player/recorder, an extra bottle to drink, two dildos, a vibrator, a camera, and Sam's cock ring. We like to play position games when we are with another girl. One of us will sit on his face and the other on his cock, so that facing one another, we girls can kiss, and suck tits as we are getting off.

(Continued on page 83)

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

YES VIRGINIA, THERE REALLY IS A STORK

What kind of girl would make a living twanging golf balls out of her twat, puffing cigars in her puss and spouting Jergen's lotion like an upside down Old Faithful? Who but Honeysuckle Divine, the world's most soulful stripper, whose monthly—in every sense of the world—misfirings have graced our pages and confused our priorities for almost a year now. Write her c/o CHERI, especially if you have a juicy dream for our pussy-popping pretty to analyze.

photo by PETER HURD

(Continued on page 79)

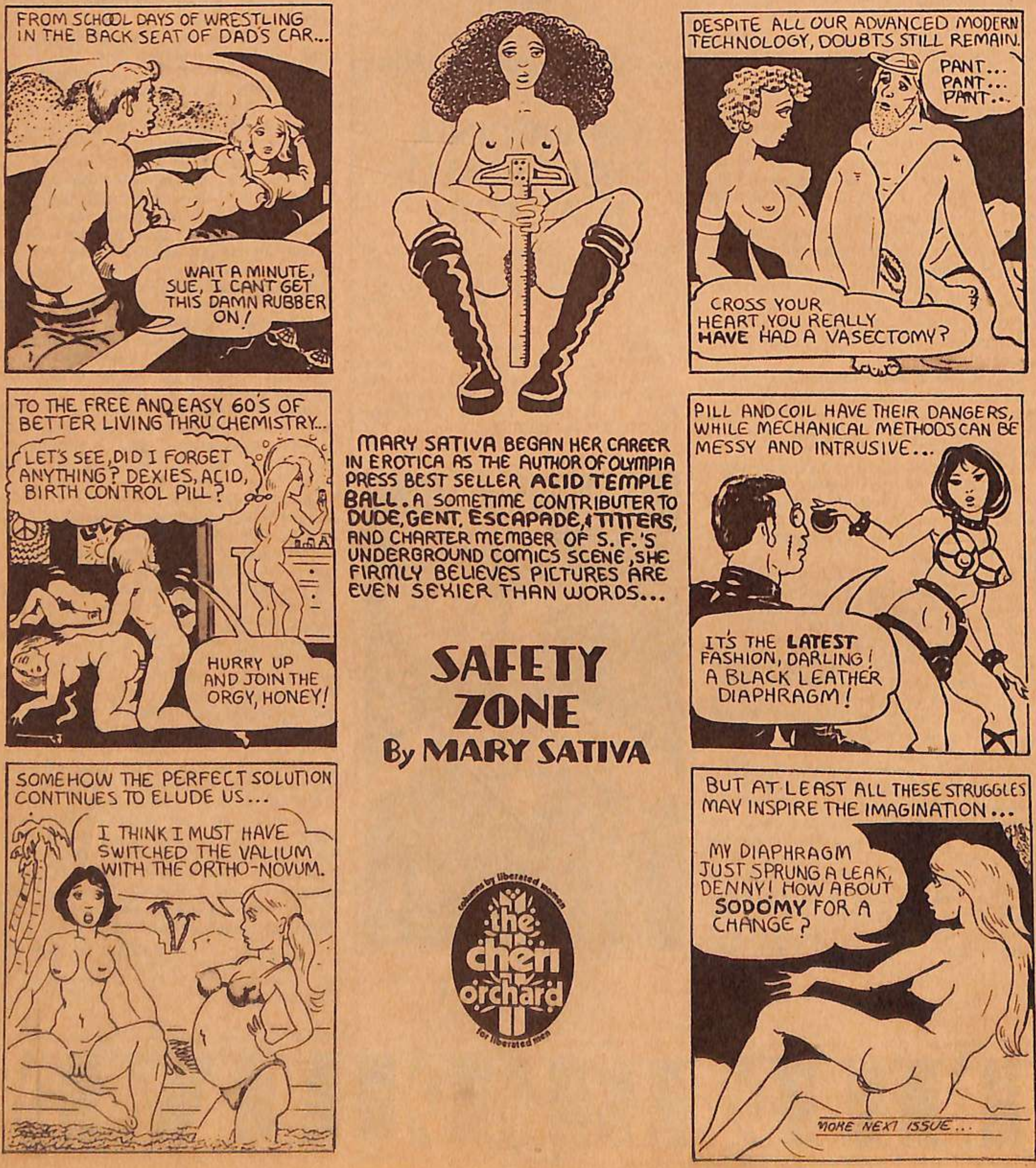
THE BEEHIVE

BAY BALL GAME

SAFETY ZONE

By MARY SATIVA

MARY SATIVA BEGAN HER CAREER IN EROTICA AS THE AUTHOR OF OLYMPIA PRESS BEST SELLER **ACID TEMPLE BALL**. A SOMETIME CONTRIBUTER TO DUDE, GENT, ESCAPADE, & TITTERS, AND CHARTER MEMBER OF S. F.'S UNDERGROUND COMICS SCENE, SHE FIRMLY BELIEVES PICTURES ARE EVEN SEXIER THAN WORDS...


FROM SCHOOL DAYS OF WRESTLING IN THE BACK SEAT OF DAD'S CAR...
WAIT A MINUTE, SUE, I CAN'T GET THIS DAMN RUBBER ON!
TO THE FREE AND EASY 60'S OF BETTER LIVING THRU CHEMISTRY...
LET'S SEE, DID I FORGET ANYTHING? DEXIES, ACID, BIRTH CONTROL PILL?
HURRY UP AND JOIN THE ORGY, HONEY!
DESPITE ALL OUR ADVANCED MODERN TECHNOLOGY, DOUBTS STILL REMAIN.
PANT... PANT... PANT...
CROSS YOUR HEART, YOU REALLY **HAVE** HAD A VASECTOMY?
PILL AND COIL HAVE THEIR DANGERS, WHILE MECHANICAL METHODS CAN BE MESSY AND INTRUSIVE...
IT'S THE **LATEST** FASHION, DARLING! A BLACK LEATHER DIAPHRAGM!
SOMEHOW THE PERFECT SOLUTION CONTINUES TO ELUDE US...
I THINK I MUST HAVE SWITCHED THE VALIUM WITH THE ORTHO-NOVUM.
BUT AT LEAST ALL THESE STRUGGLES MAY INSPIRE THE IMAGINATION...
MY DIAPHRAGM JUST SPRUNG A LEAK, DENNY! HOW ABOUT **SODOMY** FOR A CHANGE?
MORE NEXT ISSUE...
columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

BOSTON CONFIDENTIAL

A MASTURBATING MAMA TO BE

by MISTRESS DANIELLE

Mistress Danielle is a bad-ass bisexual bimbo who might be banned in Boston for her tastes but we love her anyway. A dumpling dominant whose husband is also no slouch when push comes to shove, she'll report regularly on the nasty side of New England life. Write her at CHERI, you louse, and she'll set you straight.

Strange things are happening in Boston—to me, at least. Your intrepid reporter is pregnant! Six and a half months worth, as of this writing. So many of my friends have asked me about the changes it's made in my life, especially my sex life, that I decided to tell all of you the ultimate, uncensored, no-holds-barred lowdown on sex during pregnancy!

First of all, the good doctors, sex researchers, etc., in this country have usually claimed that the sex drive goes down during pregnancy. Dear readers, this just ain't so! At least not in my case. For one thing, as soon as my husband and I found out that I was in the family way, we threw away my diaphragm, all set for six months plus of happy humping, with *no* birth control to worry about! And, I can tell you, we've made good use of our freedom so far. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Many of you know that I often see other men for S&M sessions. During the first early months, my desire for dominance increased. Here I was—the earth mother, carrying life, and here *they* were, sniveling and decidedly inferior male slaves. What a great time I had, forcing them to do all sorts of things. For example, I had some of my slaves clean house for me—I obviously wasn't going to exert myself, especially in my condition! And I was much more exacting—one slave had to scrub my bathroom floor, then dry it—with his tongue. Other slaves, those who had especially pleased me, were forced to do other, much more pleasurable things with their tongues—for hours. My sex drive, remember, increased, so I just couldn't get enough of that oral action. And all this was only the beginning. I got much more pleasure than usual from dominating a man, so much so that the mere mention of it started my glands pumping.

My horny fantasies were so frequent and so stimulating, in fact, that my husband wasn't always around to satisfy me. He did admirably when he was home, but my horniest time has always been in the early afternoon, when he works. So, if I didn't have a slave due over that day, I turned my imagination loose and got the vibrator—again, for hours. My husband never had to ask what I did all day—he'd come home and see that dreamy, satisfied look on my face and know! And he also knew that I'd attack him after dinner—or maybe even before.

I became more interested in types of sex which had never really held my fancy before. One of these was anal sex. Sure, I always got off on doing it to a slave—I love ramming a dildo hard and fast up a slave's ass. But I had never gotten into having it done to me, not even gently. Now I couldn't get enough of it. It became the sure-fire thing that would turn me on in ten seconds or less. One of my absolute favorites was to fuck my husband with a vibrator up my ass at the same time. Heavenly! I felt like I wanted to be full all the time. In fact, I often did it to myself during my marathon masturbation sessions.

While on the topic of masturbation, my finger is getting such a workout that after these nine months are over I'm sure it'll put in for overtime. Masturbation has become an overwhelmingly important pastime, presentime and futuretime. It sure beats the hell out of watching the soaps. Bored and horny, I've been sending away for some of the masturbation aids you see advertised on the back pages of various magazines. I figure it's now or never . . . with all this free time on my hands I might as well put them to work. First I ordered a set of Ben Wa Balls. Now I know why Oriental women always have such a smugly satisfied expression plastered across their puss. What an item. I was sent a set of three brass balls in a delicate velvet pouch. Complete with detailed instructions on insertion and use, this new toy has kept me occupied for many a long afternoon. I did, however, run into one embarrassing situation when I had an unexpected visit from a telephone repairman who came around to repair some faulty wirings. I was lying in bed, Ben Wa's inserted, reading some juicy literature when I heard the doorbell and went to answer. Now, I didn't realize that when you move around the balls jump around in your pussy like a set of crazed Mexicano jumping beans. Wiggling in ecstasy, I led the confused repairman to my phones. I watched him connect up some wires as the brass balls bounced around titillating my tender twat. I can't imagine what this poor fellow must of thought as I inadvertently let out a few low moans as he was working. He probably thought I had a phone fetish.

I also sent away for an unusual looking box called the Orgasm Machine. I thought it might be interesting to see how a simple looking shoebox could, as the ads promised, "turn your twat into a bionic box." With promises of "mindblowing orgasms of super-natural proportions," I shelled out $8.99 and waited. Finally the postman, who probably thought it was some new toy for the baby, delivered my package. Now I must tell you that some of these mail-order companies do tend to get a little carried away. This machine actually had a built-in rubber dick that would pop in and out of the box with a simple flick of a switch. What you do is position yourself comfortably with the rubber dickie directed towards the honry hole of your choice. You flick the switch, set the speed on fast or slow and watch the automatic wienie pop in and out of its box into yours. I can't honestly judge the loving techniques of this shoebox, since as soon as the penis started poppin' I broke into uncontrollable hysteria. It was just too funny a sight. I decided to store the box away after deciding the only good I could possibly do me was to get me a prize on the Gong Show. I can hear the MC now.

"And now ladies and gentlemen, we have a Boston beauty who gets fucked by her pet shoebox." A sure gong.

Nope, I decided to stick with manual

(Continued on page 77)

SUE FEELE, SUPERSTAR

Hello there to all of you who've brightened up my days at CHERI with erotic epistles, lunch-time obscene phone calls and occasional office visits. I'm going to be doing a monthly column for the magazine starting this month, and I hope you will keep the correspondence pouring in. For those of you who saw the pictures of Cherry Bomb, Andrea, Fanne and me in the July issue of CHERI, and are wondering how I managed to wind up on a stage in Chicago wearing little more than a garter belt and a smile, I'm going to tell you the true, unadulterated story of how that came about.

Actually, I've wanted to go to Chicago ever since I hit puberty. I'm not kidding. For some people, it's digs in New Guinea, for others, a honeymoon in Florence. My recurrent fantasy has always been middle America—Ramada Inns, guys in plaid polyester suits, with white socks and cordovans, and Muzak playing a hundred-and-one string versions of *Oh-Blah-Di* Beatles tunes in the background. What do you think, all you prairie farmers out there, diddling with my pictures in the hay wagons—we slick New York types have our fantasies too!

So it's no surprise that when Peter Wolff, senior editor here at CHERI called me into his office on a chilly New York morning in March, and said, "Howja like to go to Chicago?" I stared and replied, "You're kidding! What am I going to be doing there?"

"Don't worry about it", he replied, which is a sure sign of trouble. "We're sending Cherry to Chicago next week," he continued, "where she'll be doing an act at a theater that shows X-rated movies. She decided yesterday that she doesn't want to go on stage alone, so you're going along to keep her company."

Cherry doesn't need any company, I thought to myself. With a set of 60-inch jugs like hers, if you can just manage not to fall over, you're obviously going to be a hit anywhere.

"It's her first time on a stage alone," Peter explained, "and she wants someone there to introduce her and get things moving."

I saw my role already. "Here's a 60-inch set of torpedos, gang. S'long." I was suddenly struck with a twinge of paranoia. "Am I gonna have to do spread shots?"

"No, no," Peter reassured me. "You'll talk about Cherry's upcoming super 8mm. films and her record. You'll also probably be asked to pose for some Polaroids," he added nonchalantly.

"Uh, huh," I said to myself. "Spread shots." But the lure of Chicago was too great to pass up—that whole Carl Sandburg image—Feele performing for the hog butchers of the world.

The following Sunday afternoon, Peter, Cherry and I worked out our act at my apartment. I would appear on stage first, exotically clad in a black nylon jumpsuit, with dyed warpath-red quail feathers weighing down a plunging neckline (there's a little of the Blackfoot in each of us). I would illustrate a little *tranche de vie* at CHERI with some crazy anecdote like that of the filming of the $1000 Blowjob Contest, in which I was voted the World's Worst Cocksucker and proved it by slobbering on, dropping and finally falling asleep on a large zucchini, our T.V. substitute for a real cock.

We then worked out some funny lines to introduce the Cherry Bomb, who'd be waiting in the wings tented in a silver poncho. I'd begin, "Cherry used to work for Evil Knievel, who did practice jumps over her with his motorcycle before scaling eleven Greyhound buses. She then had an unusual position as two test balloons for the U.S. Weather Bureau Service until she got blown over Minneapolis for two weeks, and came down with a bad cold." At that point, I'd say, "I know you're all here to see Cherry, not me, but I think that you should have some basis of comparing her 60-inch splendors with my meager 35-inch offerings, so I'm going to show you what the average American woman looks like, and then give you the fabulous Cherry Bomb."

Big moment. I'd strip down to a garter belt (probably to mild, if any, applause), and then work up the audience by peeking into Cherry's poncho and moaning, "Incredible, you guys just aren't ready for this," and then peeling her out of it, announcing, "Here she is, folks, the INCREDIBLE CHERRY BOMB!

While flying out to Chicago, Cherry and I fleshed out the rest of our act. We'd have a jump rope on stage, and I'd ask, "How do you stay in such beautiful shape?" She'd reply in her sweet Southern drawl, "Ah jump rope every morning and ah'm gonna show y'all how I do it." A sure winner. She'd also talk about her new record, *"You Make Me Cream in my Jeans,"* backed by the punkiest rock group of all time, *The Cherry Band*. To cap it all, she'd turn around and spread her breasts out on either side making her look like an amphibious helicopter coming down for a landing over the Atlantic. After the act, we'd pose for Polaroids and sign autographs.

We were met at the airport by David Glazer, the 23-year-old gaffer and gopher at the *Admiral Theater*, who also moonlights as a used car dealer. He immediately tried to sell us a car. A '75 Oldsmobile. We were almost ready to buy it by the time we arrived at the theater. Along the way, we passed a sign proclaiming that Soupy Sales and Jan Murray were appearing in town that week. Ah, Chicago, you *toddling* town!

At the Admiral Theater, we were greeted by Mario, the manager. He was tall, heavy-set with gentle blue eyes and a profile that resembled an eagle in repose. He showed us around the theater, and I was amazed at how spotlessly clean everything was. The walls of the lobby were covered with red damask

(Continued on page 81)

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

GYPSY ROSE FEELE AND THE WINDY CITY WET ONES

by SUE FEELE

Ah, Suzanne. How would we ever have made it through the day without her wild tales of sexual misadventures in the big city? She was at once the worst receptionist and funniest fucklet that ever collected a paycheck from CHERI. She's also a damn good writer, jazz buff and erotic philosopher and almost everyone we know is in love with her, so keep those cards and letters coming, fans.

photo by PETER HURD

CHERI'S AMATEUR STAG MOVIE WINNERS!

By ANNIE SPRINKLE

I've made one helluva lot of pornos in my time—and I guess one of the most often-asked questions I hear from fans is, "How can I break into the sex flicks?" Which is one of the reasons I grooved so strongly with CHERI's first annual Write-And-Star-In-Your-Own-Stag-Movie Contest.

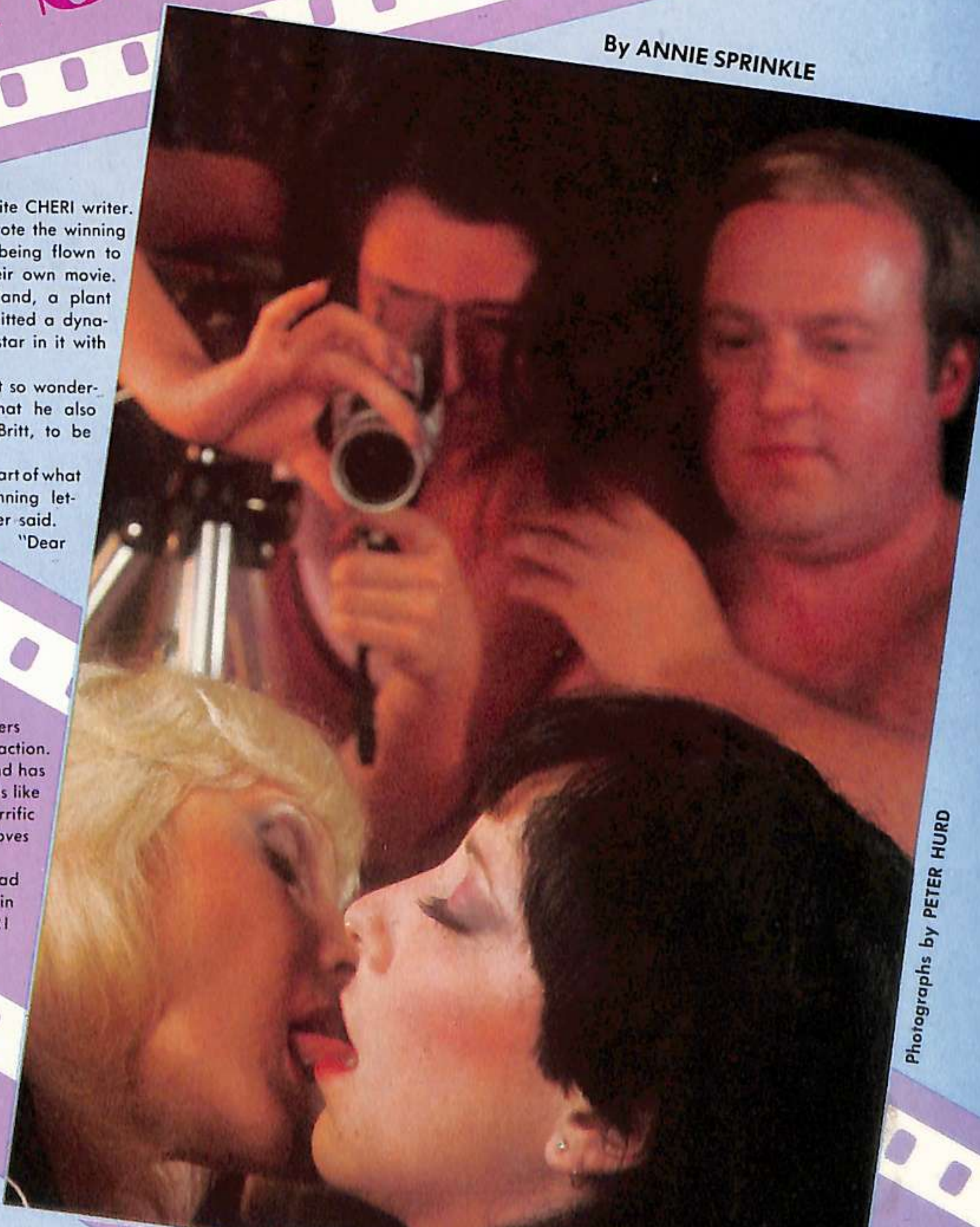
The contest was first held several months ago and the amount of mail we got on it was staggering. What the readers were asked to do was to write a 12-minute script for a silent 8mm movie film starring their favorite CHERI writer.

The persons who wrote the winning scripts were then rewarded by being flown to New York and becoming the stars of their own movie. I was super-delighted when Brian Loveland, a plant manager from Janesville, Wisconsin, submitted a dynamite script and asked to be able to star in it with little ole me!

What made Brian's script so wonderfully appealing was that he also wanted his wife, Britt, to be in the movie.

Here's part of what his winning letter said. "Dear Girls of Cheri: My wife and I have often toyed with the idea of making an X-rated home movie or being part of a movie that is produced by someone else. From my standpoint, I'd like to act, direct or be behind the camera and from my wife's standpoint, she would just love acting in a porno flick. We are open-minded swingers who are eager for many different kinds of action. My wife has posed for me many times and has on occasion posed with other bi girls like herself. She has talent and is terrific to watch—since she *loves* being watched!

"When I read the article in CHERI



Photographs by PETER HURD

Two CHERI readers win a chance to film their fantasies in 8mm with their favorite Orchard columnist, Annie (Deep Fist) Sprinkle.

about directing and acting in a porno flick, my first thought was 'Bullshit, it's a scam!' But I'm willing to take a chance, anyway, so I'll give you my ideas for a porn flick that would star myself, Britt, and your talented actress-writer, Annie Sprinkle."

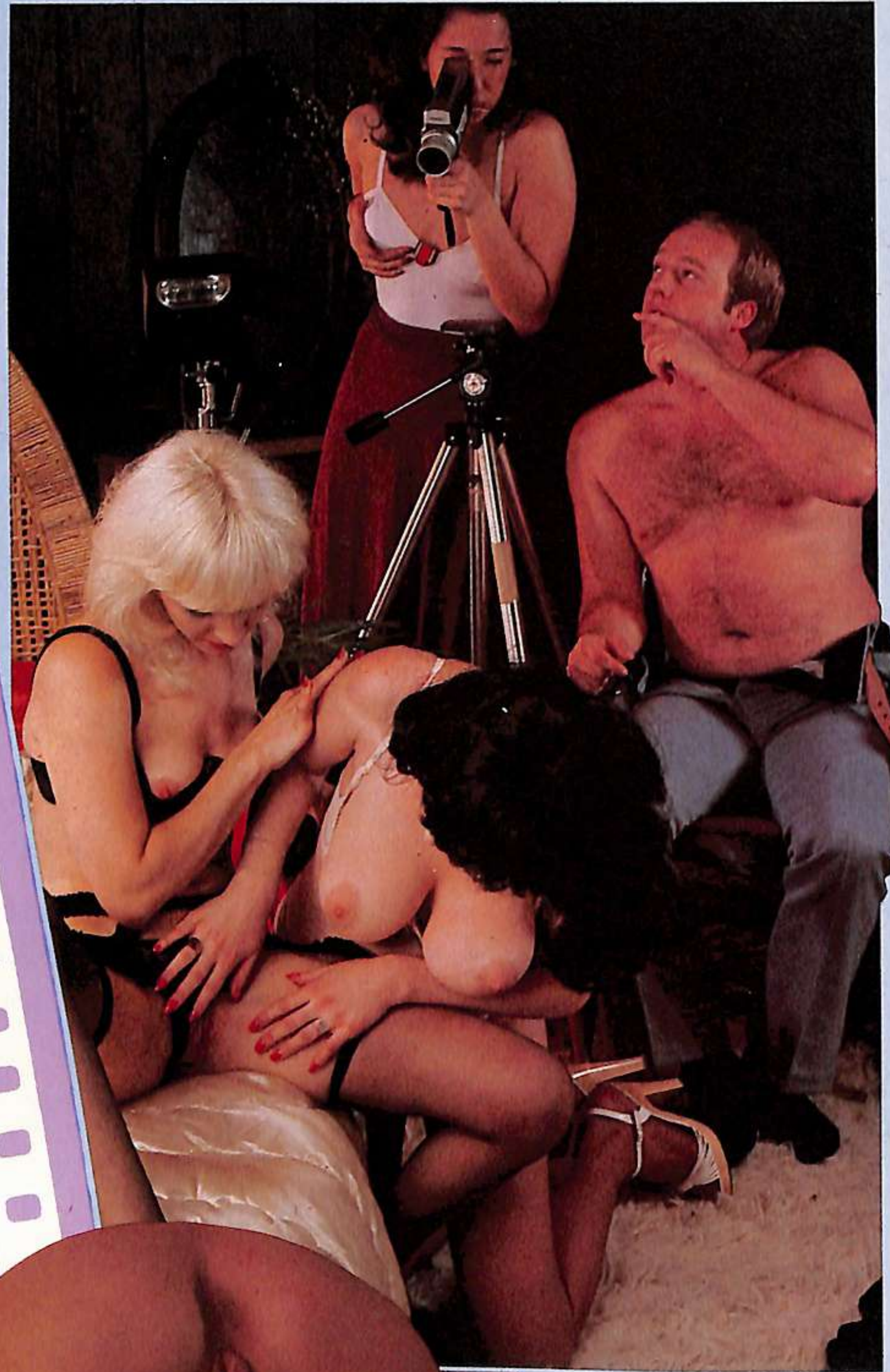
Now wasn't that nice of him! Anyway, Brian's script was about a voyeuristic husband who gets off watching his wife make it with another woman. Now that I know him so much better, I'm sure that this is one of his favorite trips! He really got it up for our movie and his wife, Britt, is really something else. She gets wet just hearing dirty words! She's one of the most sexed-up women I've ever met!

Now I've got to make a confession! Every once in a while, when I'm particularly lonely or horny, I leaf through some of the swingers' magazines. So I recognized Britt's face on some of the photos Brian submitted with his script (including a beautiful shot of Mrs. Loveland licking the bejesus out of his hard cock!). She's actually one of the most popular amateur models in the country. She's been in both the Gallery and Hustler amateur contests and was the cover and centerfold of "Swinger's Life" not so long ago. She's been selling homemade photos of herself through the mail for several years now.

But this was her very first professional shooting. And what made it so very interesting for me is that I have pretty much retired from the modeling business, (to be a part-time writer and almost full-time student) and hadn't done anything like this for almost a year. At first, I was pretty reluctant to do it—but after meeting the game and spicy Lovelands I was hot to trot! I figure I had allowed my massive exhibitionistic proclivities to lay dormant long enough!

The Lovelands were greeted at LaGuardia airport by that incredibly glamourous androgyne, Hazel Gravy, and immediately swept off to a lavish feast at the Poop Pizzeria, where, surrounded by the camera crew and brass of CHERI, I met them for the first time.

Britt Loveland is super-pretty and very lithe and athletic. She's got small tits but her mind is sexually inventive and she's game for almost anything. Brian Loveland has gotten slightly soft from sitting behind a desk all day, but he's handsome in the grand Midwestern



"While not a professional model, Britt has appeared in many swingers' mags."

tradition and, as I was to find out later, has a dynamite dork which knows how to rise to an occasion.

After the traditional cascade of good food and mucho alcohol, we all went our separate ways, hoping to preserve our sexual energies for the next day's shoot.

Although we were all repeatedly asked to curb our immediate lusts, Britt and Brian admitted to me later that they got so turned on by the scene at dinner that they had to go back to their hotel and fuck. This I could understand—but four times! This couple is really something!

The next day, on the set, the Lovelands and myself became much more intimate. Paula, the CHERI stylist, asked us to undress immediately and it was the first time I got a chance to see Britt's dynamite body. Naturally, I got turned on. Then came my first experience with the "Paula Cut", a unique pubic haircut, developed by CHERI's craft cosmetician. Britt was leery at first, she felt that her girlfriend back in Wisconsin wouldn't like the unusual pussy coif. But Paula insisted! Britt got on her hands and knees as Paula carefully shaved her entire pubic and asshole area—leaving the upper front area thick and bushy. By the time it was all over, Britt was so souped-up that her quim was drippy wet!

Me, I turned down the chance to get shaved. I had decided to stick with my trademark "Sprinkle Cut" which is a consistent one-quarter inch trim all over.

After a lot of powder and greasepaint, we were ready to roll. The cameraperson was CHERI publisher Andrea Ambers, a one-time film

"They were a great couple. She can get soaking wet just talking about sex and he has no trouble getting it up."

"When
the star
fondles the
cameraperson
blurry,
shaky
sequences
usually
result."

student and a superb artist behind the lens.

In the first scene in Brian's script, the two girls kiss while he watches. Since both Britt and myself are avowed bisexuals, the acting job required no special handling. Except for the lipstick. If you kiss too passionately, you ruin each other's make-up jobs. But we got so heavily into it, that we ended up saying, "Fuck the lipstick" and practically bit each other's lips off.

After this, we undressed each other and dove right in for some juicy action, licking our way headlong into each other's pussies.

The one unusual part of this first scene was that

Brian, who was just supposed to be sitting in the corner pounding his pud, got so heated up that he began fondling the cameraperson's shapely rear. Which will explain why 100 feet of this minimasterpiece will be shaky and blurry when and if you get to see it.

By that time, both Britt and I decided to take care of Brian's business so he wouldn't feel left out. He got hard practically the first second my lips touched his pecker and grew to monumental (and rock-like) proportions as Britt finished the job.

The movie ends with a steamy sequence of husband and wife fucking away to beat the band.

In the days that followed, myself and the rest of the CHERI crazies had plenty of opportunity to get to know the Lovelands very well. We showed them all the seamier sights of the city as well as some of the traditional tourist lures. They are lovely people, innocent and friendly, and

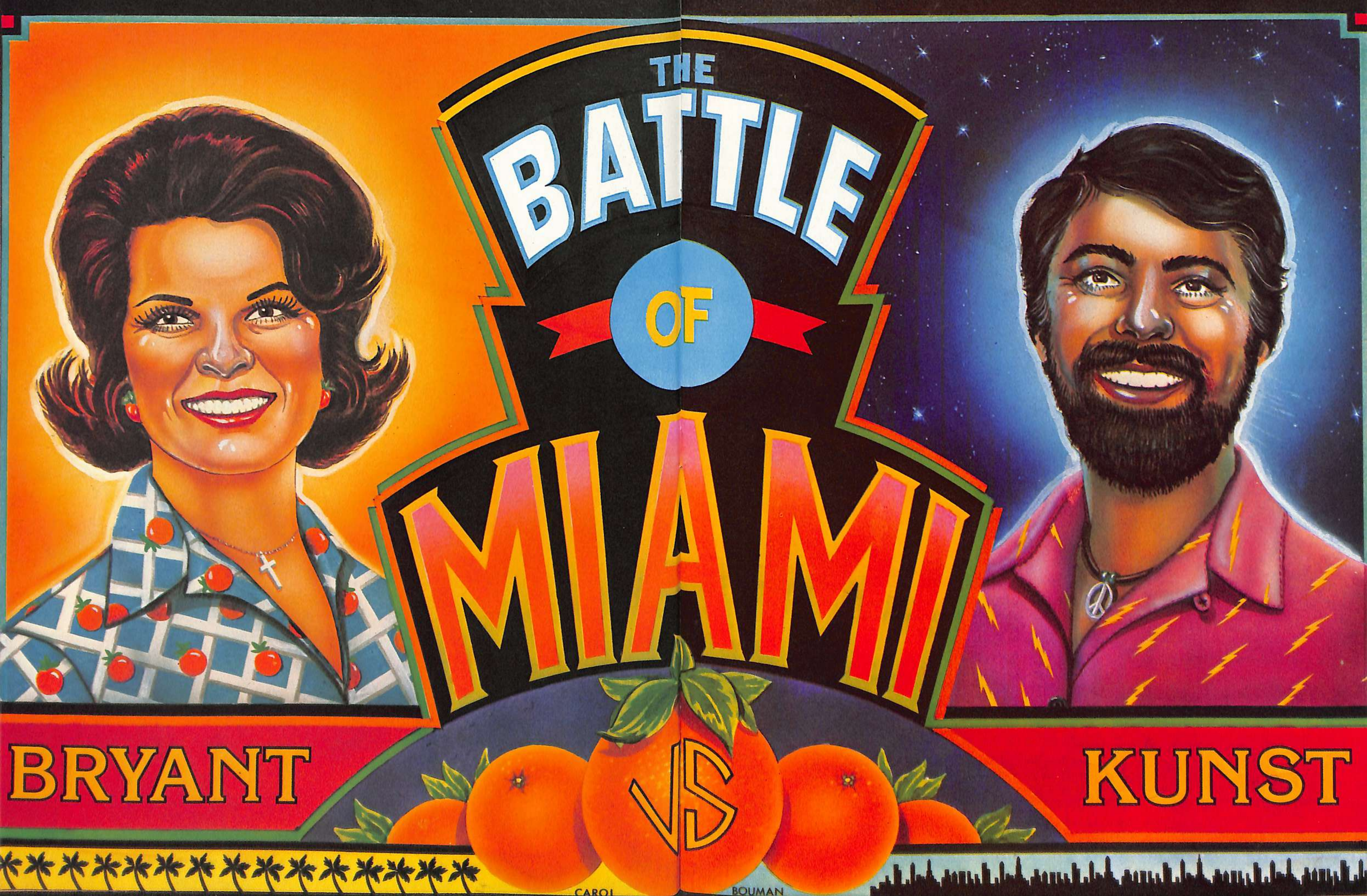
> "We liked the Lovelands so much, we decided to hire Britt as our Midwestern swing life columnist. She's now a CHERI regular."

we dug them so much we decided to sign Britt up as a CHERI Orchard columnist. She will be covering the Midwestern swing scene—so all of you Grain Belt swappers out there can start reporting your lewd and lascivious activities directly to her, in care of this magazine.

As for the movie, it is dynamite. I saw a print of it just the other day. Unfortunately, America is not yet ready for this kind of mail-order item. But, perhaps, someday in the future, we will release it.

P.S.: I have appeared in many magazines and written for several. But I have never seen a publication where the readers get this kind of royal treatment from the editors and models. It is just another way CHERI is so unique.

•Maybe it will be you and your old lady next time!


THE
BATTLE
OF
MIAMI
BRYANT
VS
KUNST

CAROL BOUMAN

"Do you know why God hates homosexuality? Because the male homosexual eats another man's sperm. Sperm is the most concentrated form of blood. The homosexual is eating life. That's why God calls homosexuality an abomination."
—Anita Bryant

The first great battle in the Gay Rights movement has been won in Miami, Florida, by advocates of so-called "Christian Power," an ultra-conservative oppressive faction led by orange juice queen Anita Bryant. Bryant's remarks after the votes were tallied—the self-styled "Normal Majority" winning by a margin of two to one—summarily dismissed the bill as "an attempt to legalize homosexuality." She went on, "In victory we shall not be vindictive . . . we shall continue to seek help and change for homosexuals themselves, whose sad and sick values belie the word 'gay' which they pathetically use to cover their unhappy lives."

Bryant has attacked homosexuality on many grounds, but the most important to Miami voters may have been her comparison of them to vampires, inasmuch as "homosexuals must recruit children" because they themselves are unable to reproduce. Thus the clash between her and gay spokesperson Bob Kunst has been reported in newspapers and magazines around the world. But no report, perhaps, has depicted the delicate personalities of these two antagonists, nor the unlikely paradox that they could sound—and reason—so much alike, as the following piece that originally appeared in Miami Magazine. We thank Miami for its cooperation in helping us bring you more truth from behind "the Battle of Miami."

"In 1974, Bryant was briefly hospitalized in a 'Christian counseling center.'"

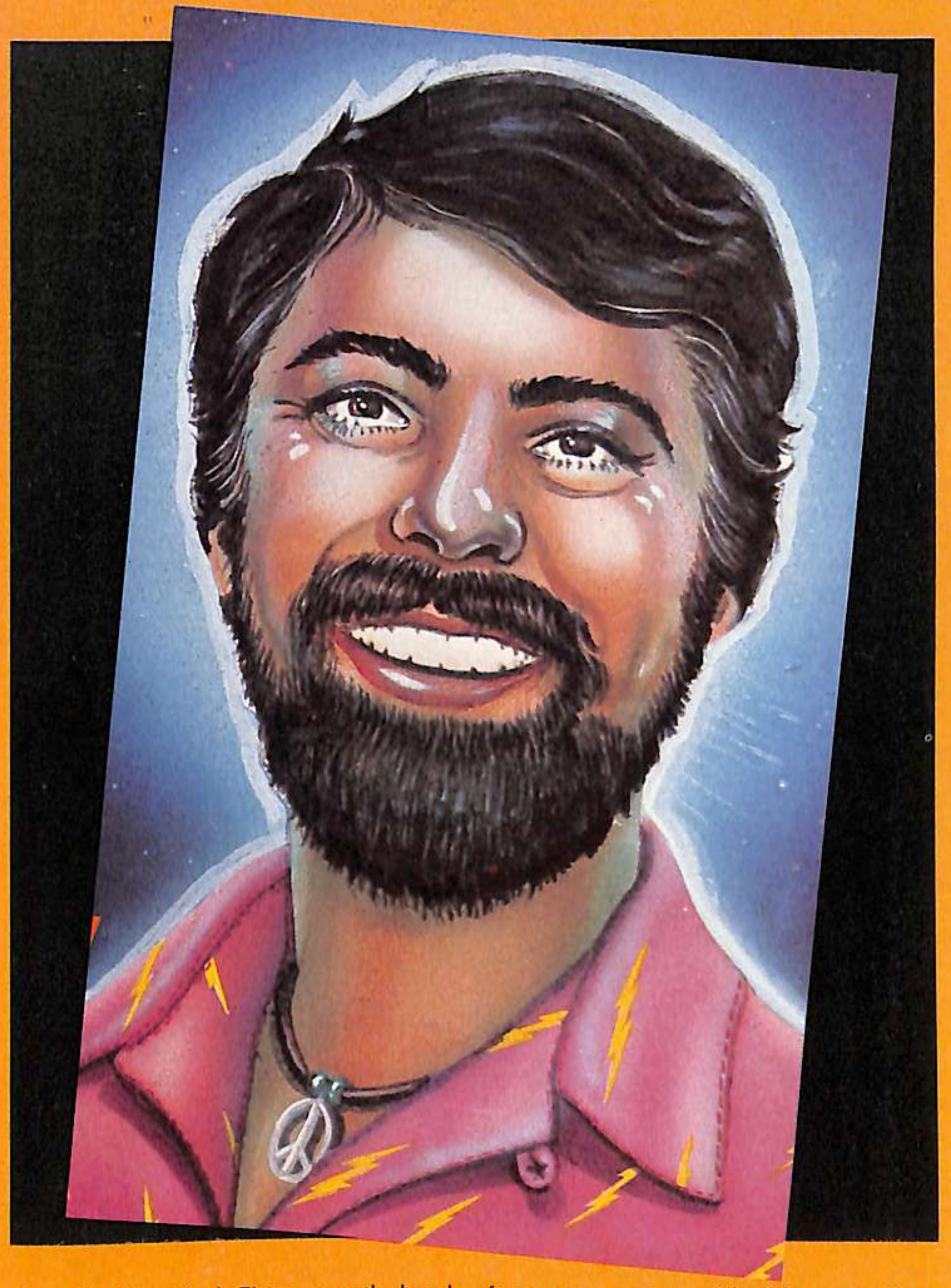
By James R. Kukar And Bill Hutchinson

It is a glorious day of sunlight and soft breezes, a day when the sky blends like watercolor into the bay behind Anita Bryant's $250,000 Miami Beach home. This blue, the blue of baby clothes and postcard panoramas, is a favorite of Miss Bryant's. It is the color of her cars, both parked out front next to the garage door leading to her office—a five-year-old Mercedes and the 1956 Thunderbird (license plate: Deacon) in which she and her husband, publicist Bob Green, "courted way back when." And it is the color of the softly draped lounging pajamas in which Anita Bryant sits inside, perfectly made-up and manicured and perfumed, to await the arrival of the person she calls "the man from *Time*."

The men from *Time* or *Newsweek* or *The National Observer* or *The Village Voice* seldom get past the Greens' front door anymore. Bryant is less willing to be interviewed than in the winter and early spring, at the beginning of her campaign against a Dade County ordinance assuring equal housing and employment opportunity to homosexuals. She wants to ease somewhat out of the political limelight, she says, and get her life "back to normal." Others suggest that she has been badly stung by the media. Both David Hartman (*Good Morning, America*) and Phil Donahue visibly lost patience with her on televised talk shows: no less a newspaper than *The New York Times* recently headlined a very pointed editorial with "No, No, Anita—" She fears that her personal and professional reputations will suffer from further exposure. Still others say that the decisionmakers for Save Our Children, Inc., the lobbying group she founded to battle the local ordinance and a similar piece of legislation being considered by the U.S. House of Representatives, have asked her to step aside in favor of Coral Gables politician Bob Brake, an old hand at moral warfare. In any case, Bryant sees few reporters. On this day, she has agreed to an unusually heavy schedule; two telephone interviews and a face-to-face conversation with "the man from *Time*."

The man in the driveway is not from *Time*, and Bryant is momentarily taken aback. Frowning, she asks his identity in a no-nonsense voice, then produces a wide and unwavering smile, the armor of the beauty pageant contestant, as she recognizes him as one of her two telephone questioners, just passing by to pick up photographs. At 37, she is an attractive woman, small, shapely, with a panchromatic tan and a voice that is considerably less strident than the one she uses for television commercials and news conferences. Her publicity photographs show an unflatteringly harsh dimension to a chiseled, almost American Indian-looking face, but she will not allow new pictures to be taken. She dispatches her secretary—a rather meek 19-year-old Indiana girl who has worked for the Greens for the last year and a half—off in search of substitutes, particularly a snapshot from one of her many Vietnam tours with the Bob Hope USO troupe.

Bryant: "You couldn't have paid me a million dollars to get involved (in) this."



Kunst: "If I had a million dollars, I couldn't have *bought* an Anita Bryant."

Small talk. A delivery boy comes to the door and she looks anxiously at his package. "There have been," she pauses, "bomb threats. The post office screens our mail." Earlier, she had said, half-seriously, "To tell you the truth, I'm ready to move."

The talk grows larger around the central theme she has been discussing almost exclusively in recent months—homosexuality as an affront to God's will. Scriptural references fall one upon the next as she explains her position. Child-molestation, the "recruitment" issue that has become the popular focus of her campaign, is not mentioned; the point here is how God, not parents, views same-sex relationships. She scribbles a diagram outlining the "born-again Christian" experience, extends her arms in the persuasive gestures of the pulpit, pauses only occasionally to catch a train of thought. "The man from *Time*" has not yet arrived, so Anita Bryant has an extra hour to cast for souls.

Behind false lashes, there is an urgency to her eyes, a need. It seems vitally important to her that people not only listen but respond and eventually agree. She touches a stranger on the chest . . . once, again, a third time . . . and rephrases a Biblical allusion, seeking support.

"Do you know why God hates homosexuality? Because the male homosexual eats another man's sperm. Sperm is the most concentrated form of blood. The homosexual is eating life. That's why God calls homosexuality an abomination."

And what of heterosexual females, those who engage in oral sexual activity: are they also guilty of abomination?

"Absolutely."

Female homosexuals? "Absolutely."

There is evidence, she says, that God punishes those civilizations which show tolerance of homosexuality. A Southern California city council passed an ordinance similar to Dade's "and now California is having its worst drought in history." Is she suggesting that there is a connection between the ordinance and the drought?

"Absolutely."

***

Another glorious day, a few weeks earlier, Bob Kunst is stripped to the waist, catching some sun *(Continued on page 44)*

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James R. Kukar is the Editor, and Bill Hutchinson the Associate Editor, of Miami Magazine.

in Coconut Grove's Peacock Park. Bearded, with a thick thatch of pure black hair, he has the look of a rabbinical student—except for the small facial lines and the strands of grey that reveal his age at a few months short of 35. Kunst's head is dangerously close to the flight-path of a nearby Frisbee game, but he is oblivious to the yellow disc. His voice rises and quickens as he talks about "that woman" and "that group." It is a Sunday, and the morning's *Miami Herald* includes a full-page advertisement from Save Our Children. Bob Kunst is yielding to the one emotion he says he manages to avoid: anger.

"Jesus, what a peice of s—t this ad is. On a day like this, the first day of spring, surrounded by all this magnificence, and we have to be hit in the face with all this hate. Tell me about love, that's what this day is for. Tell me about joy."

Love and joy abound in the Grove this morning, and Kunst surveys the park for reassurance. He notices children playing in the trees, a male-female couple rolling on the grass, a male-male couple talking on a bench. He notices the Frisbee, moves his head quickly, and smiles. "Just missed," he says. "God must be on my side."

The Grove is Bob Kunst's turf; the park's occupants might loosely be identified as his constituency. He lives not far away, in the lower-rent area on the south side of US 1, with an ever-changing succession of paying roommates who help him defray expenses. Money is always a problem for Kunst. Last May, he lost his job as advertising/promotion director for the Miami Toros soccer team—simply a question of internal reorganization, the company told him, but Kunst hints darkly that his dismissal after three-and-a-half years may have had something to do with a gay-activist conference brochure he'd accidentally left on his office desk—and since then has lived on odd jobs, special projects and food stamps (the last $7 of which went to buy the makings of a rudimentary Passover Seder). He draws a small income from the seminars, consciousness-raising programs and private counseling sessions conducted by the Transperience Center, the Grove-based clearinghouse for his work in what is vaguely known as the "human potential movement." But both he and clinical psychologist/Center director Dr. Alan Rockway have been devoting most of their time and attention to working on behalf of the ordinance, and their salaries have declined accordingly. Expenses have been cut back to subsistence level. Kunst has a car, a 1972 Chrysler that belonged to his now-dead father, but because of gasoline prices he uses it only rarely—to deliver pro-ordinance T-shirts and brochures around town, periodically to visit his mother who lives on Social Security only ten blocks but several income levels away from Anita Bryant.

During the course of a lifetime spent mostly in Miami, Kunst has accumulated a vast assortment of friends and acquaintances, many of whom pass by the park this morning and wish him well, calling him by different names. To former classmates at Miami High and the U of M (he dropped out after a year, re-enrolled at various colleges up North but never completed his degree), he is "Bobby," the Hillel member and compulsive joiner of clubs, the devotee of folk dancing and jitterbug contests and sit-in demonstrations, the nice kid with an eager smile and a what-the-hell willingness to test the limits of authority. He is "Bob" to the men and women in any of the several social circles through which he moves, never quite anchored to one group: "Bob" to the people who have taken his workshops and listened to his seminar-speeches, speeches that sometimes begin at a podium and end hours later in his living room: "Bob" to the men he meets in the area's gay bars and clubs, hanging out on Fuller Street or Virginia Beach or in Jack Campbell's Club Miami. ("I suppose Anita Bryant would call my multiple experiences promiscuous and expect me to feel guilty. Well, I'm proud of the fact that I can relate to so many people on so many different levels.") To those who have watched his evolution from civil rights demonstrator to anti-war organizer to national coordinator of the New Party (the loose alliance of counter-culturals who ran Dr. Benjamin Spock for president in 1972) to environmentalist to human potential guru to gay activist, he is "Kunst"—the relentlessly idealistic gadfly who wanders through social movements with sleepy eyes that open only to his own private vision, somehow safely shaded from the glare of political reality.

Without a specific issue in which to involve himself, Bob Kunst lacks definition. He is a gentle, passive man with a mellifluous voice that falls into sermons at the drop of a complaint. Whatever the ailment, however great the irritation, love is Kunst's all-purpose cure. He travels about town dispensing wisdom, reassurance and Kahil Gibran aphorisms, ever confident that people will see his point if they will just relax and listen. Yet even those who like him find listening a strain when his commitments are diffused and he rattles on endlessly about the bright promise of the Aquarian Age. His sentences can stretch like some great sea of tepid bathwater—calming, soothing, but ultimately dull. Before beginning his campaign to have the ordinance introduced last January, Kunst was floating . . . unfocused and getting fat. The skirmishes of recent months, the attention paid him by national magazines such as *Oui* and *Playgirl* and *New Times*, the talk-show appearances and the radio interviews, the unsolicited congratulations of strangers who interrupt his breakfast at The Cocoplum: all the draining details of his new involvement have energized him and trimmed him down. This is, in many ways, the war for which all the rest of Bob Kunst's life has been a kind of boot camp. It has integrated the "Bob," "Bobby" and "Kunst" aspects of his personality, made him whole.

"Listen, Anita Bryant is the best thing that's ever happened to me," he says, squinting against the sun. "Where could you find a better symbol of all the things I've been fighting against for the past 20 years? This is a woman who sings *America the Beautiful* against a backdrop of destruction in Vietnam, who belongs to a restricted club, and then comes out talking about God and sin. Really. If I had a million dollars, I couldn't have *bought* an Anita Bryant.

"This isn't a straight versus gay thing: it goes way beyond that. The minute she got involved in the picture, the debate over the ordinance broke down as a majority versus minority issue. She thinks she's in the majority, and we've been brainwashed to believe that she's right. You know who the real majority is? It's us. Every one of us who isn't the right sex or the right color or the right *persuasion*—don't you love that word?—or the right religion. It's people who don't want to have sex in the missionary position all the time, who don't want to have children, who don't want to get married or want to get married more than once, who don't want the government getting us in any more wars, who just want to live their lives and not go crazy, who don't give a s-t what anybody else is doing as long as it isn't bothering them. She's saying, 'You better do things our way or look what's going to happen to you.' We're saying, 'Look, the only thing that matters is our incredible, human capacity to love and be loved, so let's stop trying to make everybody the same.' That woman hasn't got a leg to stand on. And we're going to win."

Turned on full, with words and thoughts and slogans tumbling one on top of the next from his mouth, Bob Kunst isn't an easy person to interrupt, let alone contradict. But the political realities are as bright as the day, and must be acknowledged. Five years ago, Kunst won only 8,000 votes in his campaign for a seat on the Dade County Commission, a campaign resting on basically the same love-and-peace platform on which he now stands. Last year, Jack Campbell won only 4,788 votes in a campaign for the Miami City Commission, a campaign in which Campbell's homosexuality was a central issue. Since the first of the year, despite the enormous amount of local publicity the ordinance debate has attracted and despite Kunsts's claims that the county's "300,000 gays are going to be organized to support their rights," the amount of tangible support received by either Kunst or the Dade County Coalition for the Humanistic Rights of Gays, which he co-founded, has been considerably less than overwhelming. The Coalition is not even close to having the $400,000 it has promised to turn over to the county in payment for a special referendum on the ordinace. A recent rally at Miami-Dade Community College brought out perhaps 100 men and women.

A suit filed by Ellis Rubin (who sometimes acts as the Greens' personal attorney, though in this case he says he is operating as a private citizen) will delay any action on the ordinance until the courts can determine its constitutionality. But on this bright morning, Kunst has roughly six weeks to mobilize the broad constituency he will need to save the ordinance as county law, should it come to its initially scheduled June 7 vote. Does he really think he can do it?

"Absolutely."

***

These are both people who believe in absolutes, in a clear-cut right and wrong, in the inexplicable imperatives of cause and conscience. They hold with unshakable conviction to the morality of their respective positions; neither acknowledges any foundation or meaning to what the other has to say. They talk, both of them, about compassion and understanding, stress the human aspects of the battle in which they are engaged. Yet, curiously, they have become so polarized that they seem to view each other not as human beings at all, but as types, as categories.

(Continued on page 54)

RANDY LYNN

"Basically, I'm Monogamous"

PHOTOS BY ED SONNER

We were overstocked with photographs when Ed Sonner walked into our offices with this whopping set of silicone boobies, but Boss Wolff wouldn't have forgiven himself it we hadn't made an exception to the rule of "No more pix for now."

We got in touch with model Randy Lynn, a former Cincinnati Playboy Bunny, winner of the 1974 Miss Nude America contest, and the second runner-up in the Canadian, nudist-sponsored Miss Nude World, and asked her a few questions about her sex life, which she was wont to recall.

Randy won $1000 at the Miss Nude America contest, put on annually by quadriplegic Dick Drost in Indiana. She told us most of the contestants were dancers and strippers. "In Canada, though, you have to be a real nudist. I was sponsored by a nudist camp to enter the competition." Though no cash prizes are awarded in the Miss Nude World contest, they do give away bicycles, clothes and other donated gifts from local business people.

We also discovered that Randy Lynn's retired investment banker boyfriend collects cars, of which the '35 Packard you see here is only one. He also dabbles in land, and the unconventional couple recently built a house in Loveland, near Cincinnati, replete with pool, tennis courts and a garage to house her man's special interest automobiles. Randy Lynn likes money, and men with money. But they also have to be intelligent, secure and aggressive. "I don't like to have to tell a man what to do," she told CHERI, implying that age makes the difference. "I like men in their thirties and forties."

Asked whether she goes out with other men, a long pause preceded her reply, "Basically, I'm monogamous."

Now twenty-nine, Randy Lynn doesn't have to work. She does nude and promotional modeling on the side through a Cincinnati agency just to keep busy.

Does her boyfriend mind her posing nude? Not at all, the single exception being her pictures will never appear in *Hustler*.

"I like men in their thirties—intelligent, secure and aggressive..."

“I don’t lik
to have to te
a ma
what to do . . .

Battle of Miami

(Continued from page 44)

To Bryant, Kunst is A Homosexual, a phrase she speaks as if in capital letters, and "homosexuals don't seem to have any sense of moral direction." She dismisses his own religious background, his insistence that he has found Scriptural support for what he calls "my right to be who and what I am." His beliefs and his Biblical interpretations are, she says simply, "wrong," "misguided," "false." She is not, she explains, "judging anybody," and indeed her remarks about homosexuality are invariably non-personal. She separates the act, which she deplores, from the actor, for whom she says she feels "love and hope." It is a troublesome distinction, this business of loving a person yet hating one of his or her defining characteristics. When she equates homosexuality with prostitution, offers it as proof of civilization's "moral decay," suggests that "our children are being preyed upon" by men and women whose sexual preference makes them "miserable inside, just wretched"—when she makes such intensely personal condemnations, it's difficult not to hear them as verbal assaults on the man most visibly identified with the group she refers to as "the opposition."

To Kunst, Bryant is "that woman," the incarnation of 2,000 years' worth of Judeo-Christian "don'ts." She is a person who "hides behind her God, telling lies and causing pain in His name, all because she's scared to death what the world might be if she couldn't control it. The whole recruitment thing is a false issue, a scare. She can get her hands on the same statistics I can, so she knows that child-molesting is almost always a heterosexual crime. Why isn't she listening to all the thousands of people, including some of her own ministers, who are saying that nobody just falls into homosexuality unless they want to be there? Some do and some don't; all the Anita Bryants in the world aren't going to change that. Who does she think she's kidding with this little witch hunt? She's in this because she wants to impose her religious beliefs on the rest of us. How dare she talk about the way I love and make it sound dirty and sick? Look, I'm a human being with blood and all that and I feel things and I hurt. She's a vicious woman who'll say anything to get her way, no matter who it hurts."

Beneath the harshness of their words, these are missionaries of a sort, individuals so convinced that God is with them that neither recognizes any chance of failure. "I am totally confident that we will win," says Bryant, almost precisely echoing her "opponent." Clearly, one has to lose—may already *have* lost, depending upon actions that the County Commission or the courts might have taken prior to publication. But regardless of the success or failure of the ordinance itself, both Bob Kunst and Anita Bryant will no doubt claim some sort of victory. Missionaries learn early on to smile through disappointments, no matter how bitter, and to fashion cloaks of victory from the most torn and raveled cloth.

It would be interesting, if unproductive, to hear Bryant and Kunst in a face-to-face debate—rather like playing Berlitz Spanish and French records at the same time. A listener might occasionally catch a familiar word or phrase, but the sense of both languages would be lost in the confusion. Play the two records one after another, however, and the ear detects certain similarities to the substance of the messages and the manner in which they are both delivered. Poles apart on the surface, Kunst and Bryant are alike in more ways than either would be likely to admit.

Both are the elder of two children, closer in childhood to their mothers than to their fathers. Bryant's parents were divorced just before she was two, remarried 18 months later, divorced again when she was twelve. Well into adulthood, she maintained that her father didn't love her. In 1973, Bryant saw him for the first time in several years, "and all the resentments and hurts from far back in the past just drained away," she writes in *Light My Candle*, an inspirational book co-authored with her husband. "I was set free from the bondage of hating my father." From the outset of his involvement with social causes, Kunst and his father, a tailor who worked long hours and had little time to spend with his family, disagreed violently about politics. In May 1972, following an especially heated argument, "I sat down with him and said, 'Look, what is all this? Do we love each other or don't we? We ended up talking and crying and it was like a brand-new world. I thought, well, who knows what's going to happen now; we might end up going fishing together or something, doing the stuff father and son are supposed to do. Three days later, he walked into his shop, had a heart attack and died."

Both are products of strong religious traditions. Bryant was reared a Southern Baptist in that part of Oklahoma where roadside signs urge motorists to "Get Right With God." Her early spiritual life was deeply influenced by her grandfather, "a constant witness . . . to all who would listen. He would talk to anybody . . . total strangers" about the religious conversion he'd experienced in his early 20s, shortly after being blinded in an accident at the oil refinery where he worked. Kunst's enduring ties to Orthodox Judaism can be traced to his grandfather, a rabbi, and to his grandmother, who at one time was president of the Henry Street Settlement, a Jewish halfway house and community center on Manhattan's Lower East Side.

Both rely heavily on the men closest to them: Bryant on Bob Green, her husband of 17 years; Kunst on Alan Rockway, the psychologist and apostle of bisexuality he met in 1969. Green and Rockway share a kind of quiet strength and a patient, sometimes almost avuncular method of dealing with their "partners." (Bryant and Kunst both use this word to describe their respective relationships with Green and Rockway. The intimacy between Kunst and Rockway, however, is non-physical.) Invariably calm, highly rational men, Green and Rockway seem to sense when to pull their partners down to earth. "Get off the phone, 'Nita,'" Green tells his wife when her voice threatens to spiral off into agitation. "Slow down and stop mentioning 'revolution,'" Rockway urges after a radio interview in which Kunst has babbled excitedly away.

Of approximately the same age, Kunst and Bryant smoothed out the youthfully rough edges of their political consciousnesses during the years of the Vietnam War, specifically while Lyndon Johnson was hunkered down in the White House. As Kunst was traveling the country to organize on behalf of the New Mobilization Against the War, however, Bryant was touring in USO productions and acquiring something of a reputation as the President's favorite interpreter of the National Anthem. (She sang "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory" at Johnson's funeral.)

They do not perceive themselves as politicians, and insist that their current involvement in a highly political situation reflects spiritual commitments (capital S for her, lower case for him) that transcend secular considerations. "I am not a politician and have never been a politician," says Bryant, "but I have a new feeling of community involvement and will never go back to being uninvolved in matters of a political nature . . ." that have some relationship to morality. "You couldn't have paid me a million dollars to get involved . . . if God hadn't called me to this." "I am not a politician," says Kunst. "Politicians complicate everything and make it impossible to communicate. Call me a diplomat. Diplomats are into *establishing* communication."

Most observers would readily agree that neither Kunst nor Bryant has proven a very effective politician. Both are capable of rousing their partisans with emotional speeches and intensely felt declarations of war. But the mark of a successful politician lies in his or her ability to persuade the non-partisans, that great body of the uncommitted without whom no campaign can be won. When Kunst and Bryant reach out to the general public, their dedications get in the way.

Both begin their public presentations slowly and reasonably, in well-modulated tones. Then their tempos speed up, their voices start to shake, their sentences rush forth in a verbal shorthand that can be almost impossible to follow without a working knowledge of either the Old Testament or humanistic psychology. They can look and sound somewhat rabid and obsessed, touched by more than a hint of fanaticism. Neither seems concerned. In one of their cooperative books, Green says that his wife would be "proud" to be called a religious fanatic. "People have been saying that I'm nuts for years," Kunst shrugs. "I don't even hear it any more."

(Interestingly, the two share a common mistrust of psychiatrists. Regardless of the fact that the American Psychiatric Association has reversed its long-standing assessment of homosexuality as an emotional disorder, Kunst feels that many psychiatrists still try to change the sexual behavior of predominantly gay clients "which accomplishes nothing except to make them feel guilty about who they are." On the contrary, Bryant believes that many psychiatrists—many of whom, she says, are homosexual themselves—do their homosexual clients a disservice by telling them to "go and have an affair, be who you are" instead of trying to guide them toward heterosexual adjustment. Both, however, acknowledge some merit to non-psychiatric forms of counseling. In 1974, Bryant was briefly hospitalized in a "Christian counseling center.")

Perhaps at least in part because of their lack of political sophistication, both Bryant and Kunst have been edged off onto the periphery of the organizations from which they initiated their current battle. According to one insider, Save Our Children Inc. has been trying to move Bob Brake into her position as

(Continued on page 78)

HOLY MOLARS!

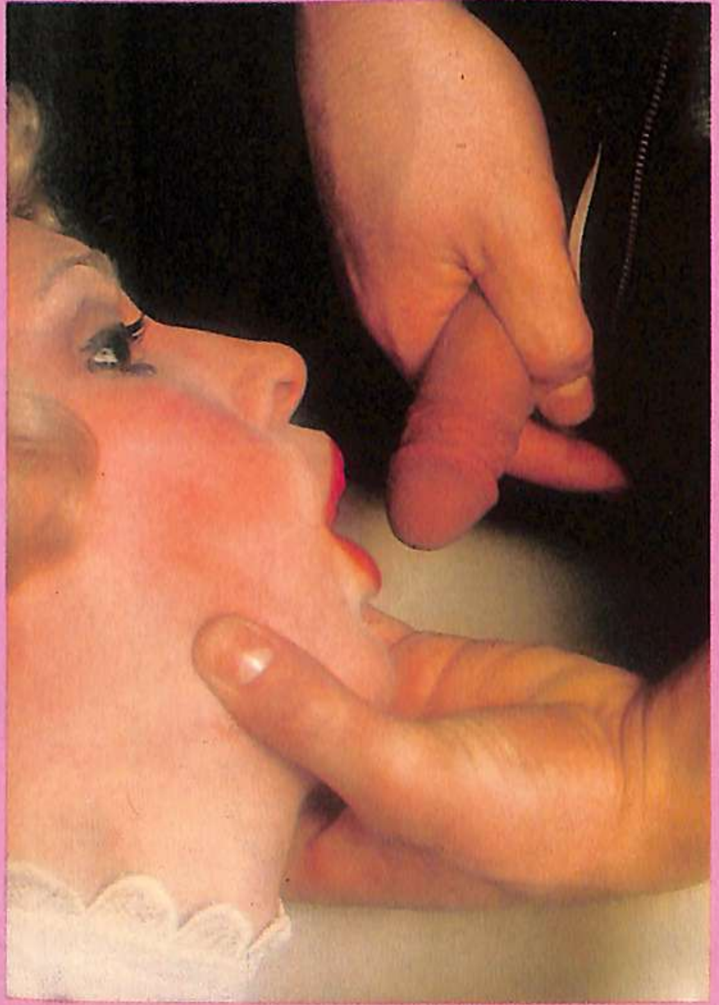
PHOTOS BY CARL KRAVATS

There once was a dentist from Venice
Who refused to take on an apprentice.
But when Gibson Girl Hildie
Came to get her tooth filled he
Turned into a tit-tweaking menace.

TEETH EXTRACTED
WITHOUT PAIN
BY
O.B. COMFORT,
DENTIST.

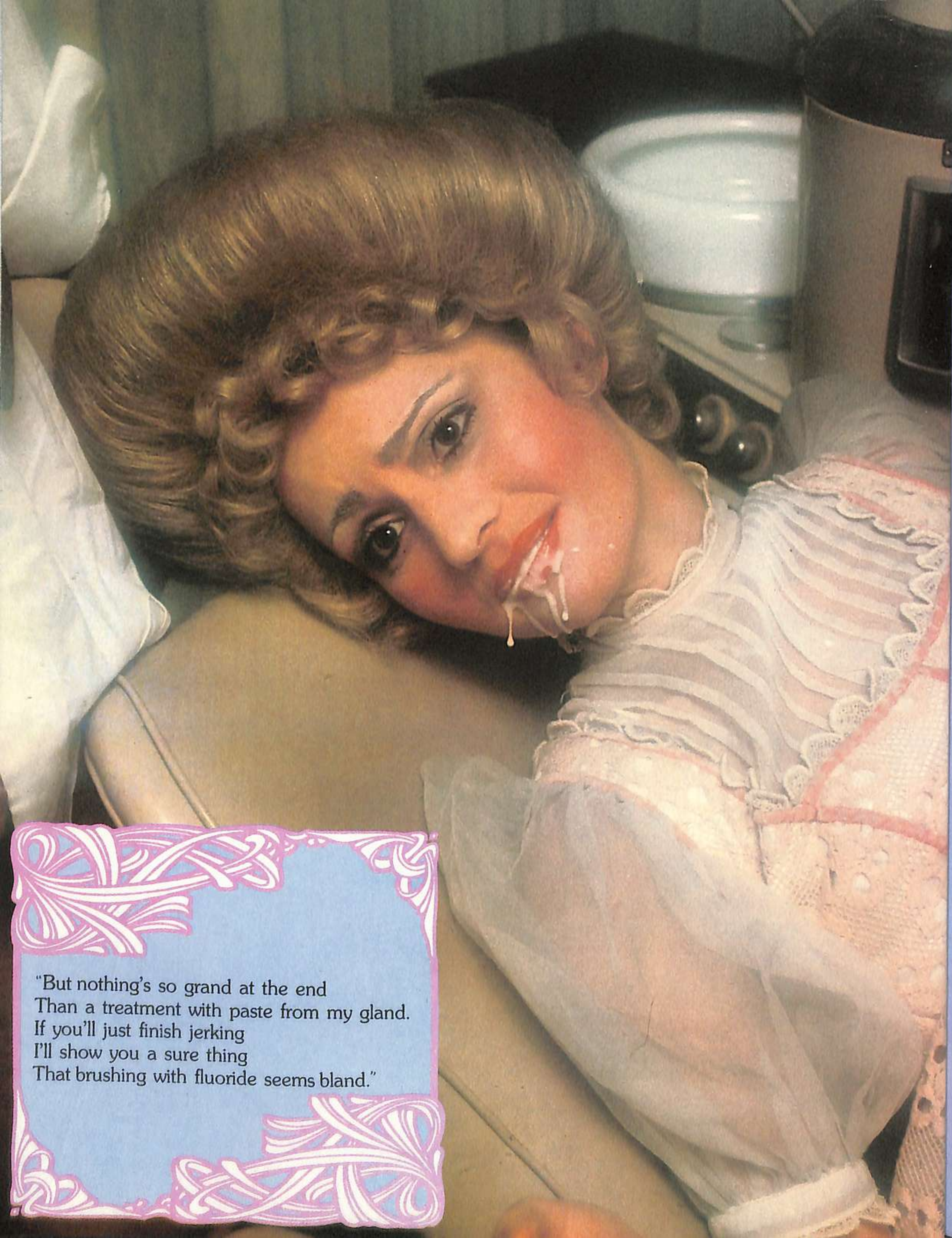
"Come, come, my dear girl," he implored her,
While his bush-beating fingers explored her.
"You've a sweet, juicy twat
That feels better when hot,"
He mumbled and further moved toward her.

WITHOUT PAIN
O.B. COMFORT,
DENTIST.



"Are you looking for pain in my hole?
Or is fucking me really your goal?
Cause my molar is rotten,
Giving head I've forgotten,
But a quick jerk might suffice so I'm told."

"The size of your cavity," he confessed,
"Is my major concern, not your chest.
I've a short and thick drill
That will give you a thrill
While I bury my head in your breast."



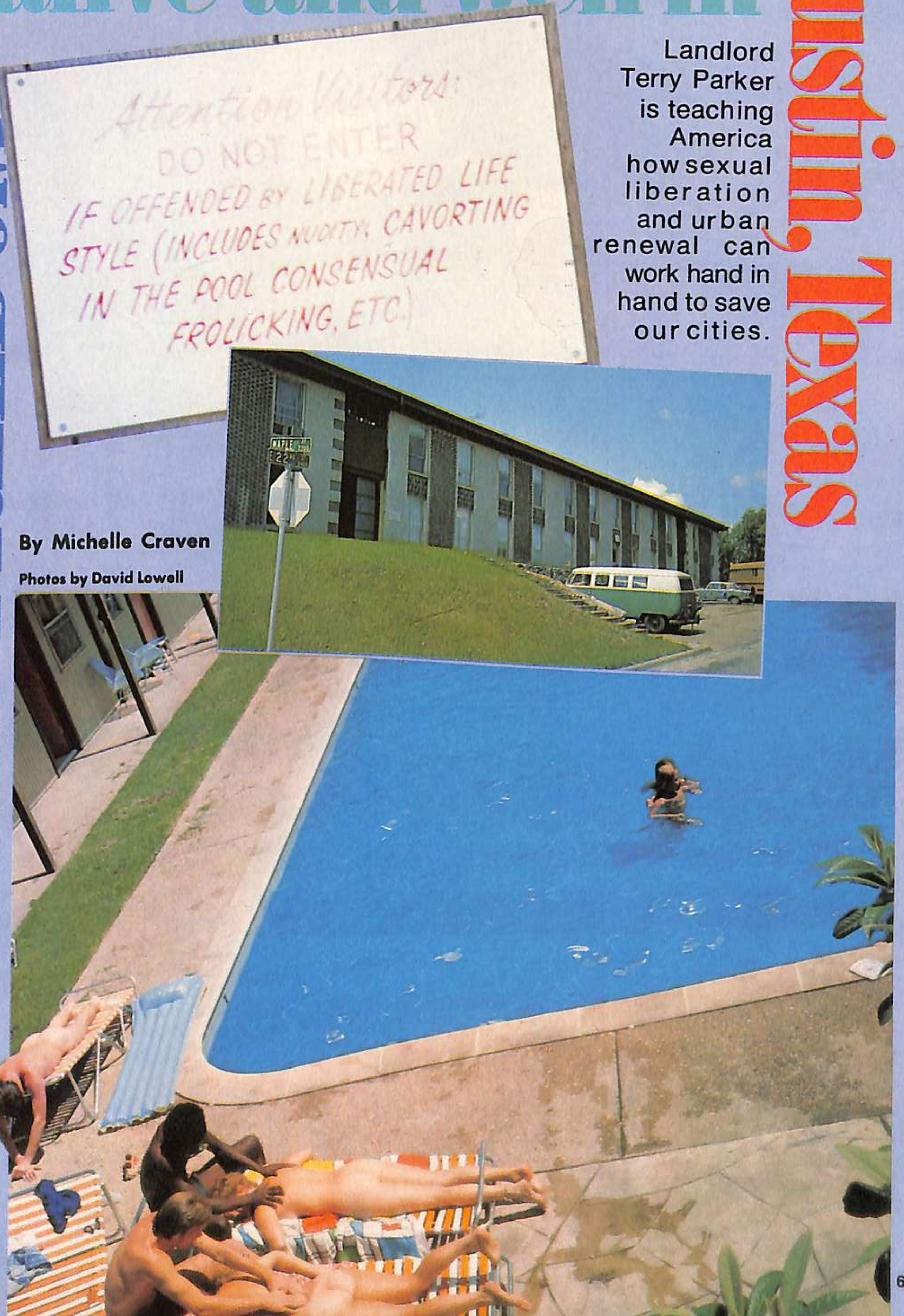
"But nothing's so grand at the end
Than a treatment with paste from my gland.
If you'll just finish jerking
I'll show you a sure thing
That brushing with fluoride seems bland."

"NAKED FREEDOM" is alive and well in Austin, Texas

Landlord Terry Parker is teaching America how sexual liberation and urban renewal can work hand in hand to save our cities.

By Michelle Craven

Photos by David Lowell

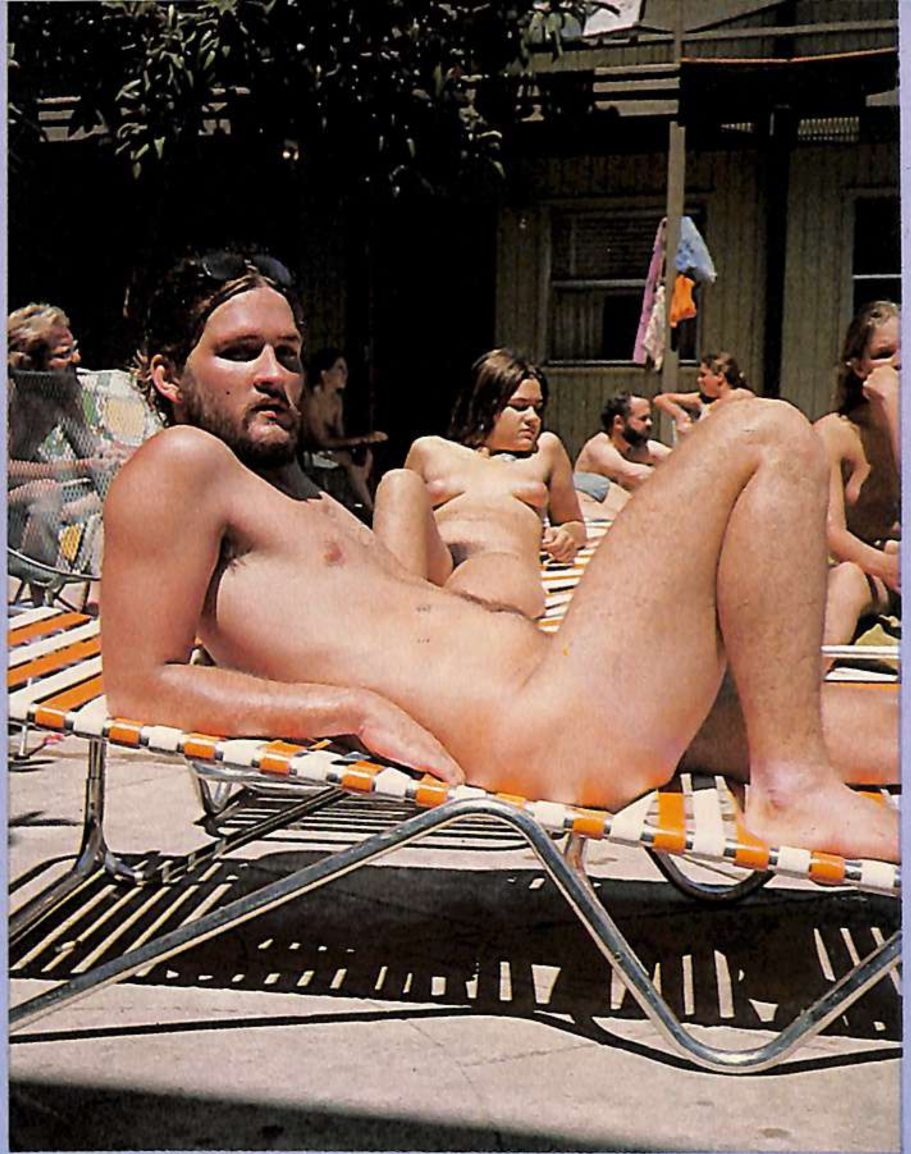


Attention Visitors:
DO NOT ENTER
IF OFFENDED BY LIBERATED LIFE
STYLE (INCLUDES NUDITY, CAVORTING
IN THE POOL CONSENSUAL
FROLICKING, ETC.)

"I'm telling you, the joint was ready to be bulldozed," said Terry Parker, libertarian landlord of America's one and only nudist apartment complex. "The units were maybe one-third occupied—mostly dope dealers, transients and petty criminals. If the cops dared to come in after them, investigating complaints, they got stabbed. And on top of that, they never paid the rent."

Who is Terry Parker, and why is he now manager-consultant to the sensationally successful Manor Villa Apartments, whose tenants boogie about in the buff, skinny-dip in the pool and raise their kiddies to wear clothes only at christenings? And why, even more weirdly, has he made it in Austin, Texas, a fun-loving music city surrounded by traditionally conservative, powerful, right-wing political forces?

A charming hustler, (his word) in his early 30's, Parker looks over the happy, anything-but-horny scene at the swimming pool—social center for the complex—and reflects grandly on an idea whose time has come to pay the rent. "Just think of all the disadvantages I *started* with—rotten location, a high-crime neighborhood and the worst tenants you could imagine. Now we're running over 50%



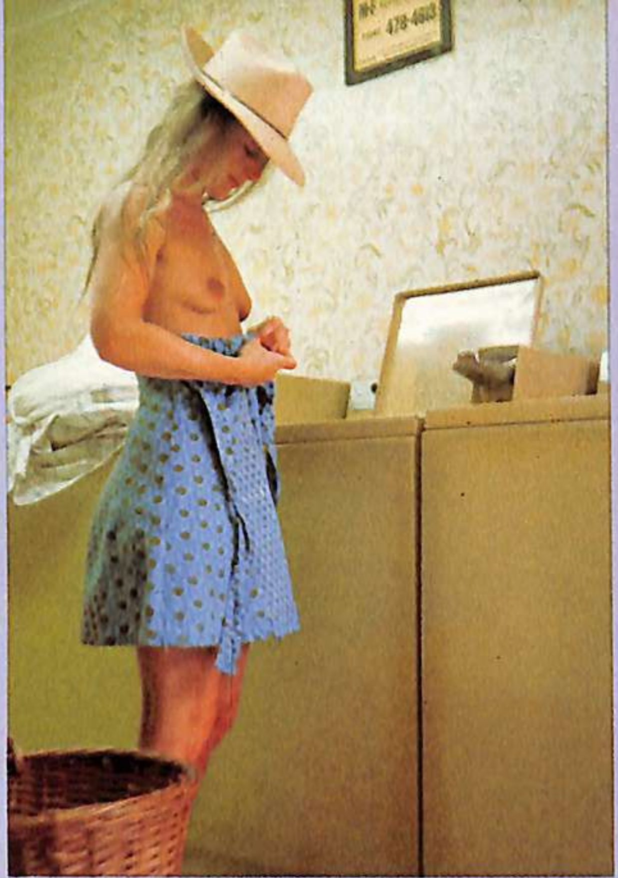
rentals, with a new one signing up every day—even with upping the rent 10%. I'll tell you what's *really* happening here—it's a non-governmental form of urban renewal!"

Terry views his peaceable kingdom as a fully liberated, sexually free environment where tenants may do exactly as they please—as long as "they don't aggress physically against one another." The phrase is much more than theoretical rhetoric to him—Parker moved to Texas from New York precisely because "the attitude of the people here is closer to a pioneer spirit—the gut-level libertarian feeling . . . maybe it comes from a time when your nearest neighbor was so far away that if you wanted neighborly company, you more or less tolerated whatever he did."

Intolerance is anathema to the man. Disgusted with the urban pananoia and negative conditioning he found everywhere in New York, he left for Texas five years ago determined that there must be a more rewarding way to live. "It's a hell of a life in that city," he recalls. "Either you spend all your time defending your rights, your space, or you're gobbled up. If you try and stand up for a better way of life you're thoroughly trounced—because you're alone. All of this comes from negative conditioning, and it starts as early as grade school . . .

"Why force human beings to submit to an authority structure? Why condition them to accept the idea that we cannot do what we want, what pleases us, but we must accept certain rules . . . a good person, we're told, is one who follows orders, while a bad person seeks his own will. I think one of the most evil things that's been done to the human race is perverting our standards that way."

Parker's libertarian ideals have been formulated into what he calls a practical social theory. "Instead of writing a thesis, I figured I'd just go out and live it. Somehow I'd set up an environment with a degree of freedom, and start expanding and learning. And I *know* that the more people that live in peace like this, the better off humanity is in general."



Libertarian Parker took a crime-ridden motel and turned it into an experiment in liberated togetherness—especially in the areas of nudity and sexual congress.

Sexual and political freedom has never been a real hot ticket with landlords, a singularly pragmatic breed whose passions run to paid up rent receipts and tenants who don't play ZZ *Top* albums at 3 a.m. But Parker plunged on regardless, styling himself as a real-estate consultant, ringing up the owners of various Austin apartment complexes to explain his vision of a life with no clothes on. "I expected most of them to hang up, but only three refused outright . . . all the rest were intrigued. They just wanted to see someone else invest first. So, in June of last year I took over a 14-unit complex, Canyon Villa, and set it up. That generated a call from the owners of the Manor Villa—and here I am."

On his advice, they sunk $80,000 into full renovation. Desperado dope dealers and other ephemerals were swept out and the entire joint was surrounded by a heavy steel mesh fence, complete with seven locked gates. And Parker sent out enticing brochures, offering an opportunity to rent a one-or-two bedroom apartment in a 'world-famous liberated space—a rational, secure, relatively safe community environment.' This appealed to a wide variety of Texas rebels, and one-year leases were signed, singles, gays, young marrieds, families with kiddies and various subspecies of the hot Austin music scene moved in. The party was on.

Before detailing the (Continued on page 98)

BORSCHT BELT

(Continued from page 8)

and in talking to them it seemed many of them would have been more than glad to join in the partying if not for the damned house rules!

With our luggage still in hand, we were greeted at the desk by our dynamite hosts, Don and Jo Jo, who definitely deserve accolades for helping make the Swingers Movement better than ever. Besides deriving financial benefits from their work, they also thoroughly enjoy swinging and getting places together for others to swing. Unlike many unscrupulous sponsors, they don't turn their backs on you once they get your bread; in fact, we saw them a number of times throughout the weekend taking time out from their own activities and pleasure to make introductions and to do everything they could to keep things flowing as smoothly as possible.

We settled into our room, freshened up from the tiring trip and headed down to the lobby and the bar to survey the action. Many people were renewing old friendships and others were making new ones. As the dinner hour approached, latecomers were still backed up at the desk. We enjoyed a sumptuous meal with some close friends, made some new friends and headed back out to the lobby. Marc was feeling quite spirited from some herb he had smoked before dinner, as well as a few drinks with his meal. When he encountered a young lady he found to be getting a little too verbal instead of oral, he scooped her up onto his shoulder, strode off in the direction of the pool and before she had a chance to remove so much as a hair ribbon, started the weekend off with a splash.

After dinner we went back to our room with a few people and partied for awhile. Nothing extraordinary—just run of the mill licentiousness and hedonism. Before we knew it, it was time for the midnight buffet. After showering and dressing in record time, we headed *en masse* to the lobby. After the midnight special, we talked over alternative plans for the rest of the night(morning). It was then that I spotted a young waiter who had been particularly attentive to me during dinner. I must admit I had considered having him for dessert. Marc was paying a great deal of attention to a waitress—I'm sure he could have really enjoyed her. As a matter of fact, I wouldn't have minded a little bit of her, myself. I made them my proposition; it was then that I was informed of the shitty house rules. Saddened but undaunted, we headed into *Suite A*, a no-holds-barred, enter-at-your-own-risk, anything-goes-room furnished with wall-to-wall mattresses. Marc and I edged into the center of the room and began feeding each other pleasure, reveling in our own good feelings as well as the sights and sounds that surrounded us. As the hours passed, many other people joined in our coupling and uncoupling. I was particularly amazed watching one young girl over in the corner of the room. During the entire time that we were there she was endlessly serviced by (and servicing) two and three men at a time. No sooner would one fall away exhausted than he would be quickly replaced by another, only too happy to stand in for him. I really don't know how she kept up the pace and I was sure she would find difficulty walking in the morning; yet, when I saw her a few hours later, she certainly was walking tall and beaming from ear to ear. We decided to pass the next few hours in bed, and stumbled back to our room for a catnap.

The next day we sat in the lobby and got rapping with a good-looking couple from New Jersey. They both seemed very eager to please, almost subservient in their manner, but by this time we were so bleary-eyed that we excused ourselves with a promise to catch up to them later. We went back to our room, and man! Did we crash! The next thing I knew, a friend of ours was on the phone telling us dinner was already being served. Always one to raise a little hell, I went attired in as little as possible, a corset from Frederick's under a sheer, sheer robe. Jo Jo's jaw dropped when she saw me, and all she could say was, "Hurry up and sit down!" Don just smiled. Needless to say, my waiter, as well as all the other waiters in the dining room, were quite attentive. "Management" just looked down his nose, but I'll be damned if I didn't notice a bulge in his britches. Again we were approached by the couple from New Jersey, and more and more I became convinced of their desire for servitude. Marc and I had discussed them that afternoon, and, although we had no real experience with dominance, the idea intrigued us and we decided to pursue it. We were distracted by the nightclub manager (happily, an unstuffy type) and Don, who were concerned that the evening's entertainment, a 50's band, might be too tame for the crowd. We volunteered to put on a show such as we had done at private parties in the past.

Eleven p.m., Showtime, found us up on stage bumping and grinding to some out-of-tune strains. The band seemed to lapse into a coma when they realized what we were up to and soon seemed to be more audience than entertainment. We carried on without them and got a fantastic response from the crowd. To be honest, I was afraid fellow swingers might not appreciate our show, as I thought they would be somewhat jaded having seen and done so many of the same things that we were doing on the stage. Contrary to my fears and much to my ecstatic delight, (an exhibitionist's dream come true) we got a wonderful response from both men and women alike. Shortly after we finished, many of them congratulated us on the show, then scurried off to quench the fire we had stirred within them. While we settled at the bar for a quick drink we were surprised to see that several of the staff had caught our show while the band remained on stage shaking their heads in disbelief.

Came the dawn and another Bloody Mary party and several invitations to going away parties. Could the weekend be over so soon? Well, we balled our goodbyes, gathered names and numbers and headed upstairs to pack. Somehow, all *we* managed to do was doze off. Next thing we knew, it was dark and the chambermaid was rushing us out the door so that they could clean up "Sin Central," and return to normality for next weekend's crowd.

Our special thanks to Don and Jo Jo for a truly *sin*sational weekend and we'll certainly be looking forward to your next one. Besides occasional weekend bacchanals, Don and Jo Jo's "Underground" club holds weekly gatherings where couples-only meet and mingle every Wednesday and Saturday in Manhattan. For more information on their activities you can write to them c/o P.O. Box 197 Village Station, New York, N.Y. 10014.

Susan and Marc LeBeau

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 24)

After 30 minutes and, finally, a double-finger suck, the large crowd gathered around noticed a rising bulge in my friend's jeans. As his erection grew (which he had been fighting, of course), cheers went up from those of the audience who had bet on me.

As a result of the bet and all the interest the fingersucking subject had aroused, that very night a bunch of us decided to form a Jody Maxwell Fingersuckers Club.

Well, because of that crazy night a few years ago, my fingersucking finally became part of my act.

I genuinely enjoy sucking fingers, so I have a lot of fun getting a person from the audience on stage, scaring the hell out of him by making him think that he has to take off his trousers and sit in an antique washbowl of soap-sudsy water, and then relieving his mind when he finds out he can actually leave his trousers on, and that the soapy water is for me to wash his hand in. After washing the man's hand, I then demonstrate some of my various cocksucking techniques on his fingers. I explain to the audience what's happening and, at this point, I try to impart a little take home knowledge to my audience. At first, I just try and get the guy used to me sucking his finger. I do tell him to "think cock," and that whatever I do to his finger to visualize how wonderful it would be on his cock. Then I demonstrate a couple of things such as a deep, full circular tongueing of the finger and my famous vibrations. Vibrations are far superior on a cock, but everyone seems to go a little wild when I do them to some poor guy's finger. And if there should be a Doubting Thomas sitting up front in the audience, I occasionally will reach down, grab his hand and do a brief vibration on his finger—and he doubts no more. After the vibrations, I usually demonstrate my well-known cocksinging on his finger. (Vibrations and Cocksinging were both invented by me for lovers in my personal life, and I had never dreamed they would someday be practiced worldwide.) Of course, just like vibrations, singing is easier on a cock, than on a finger. At the end of my song, I usually have a very horny man on stage, but I am not finished with him yet. The creme de menthe comes into use. Honeysuckle Divine knew about my sucking with creme de menthe and wanted me to do this in my act, so I added it at the Show World just for her. I used the real stuff. I tried to get the lowest alcoholic content because it's better for cocksucking and fingersucking, and, besides, I didn't want to get smashed every day from sucking fingers. The guys on stage always loved it!

I have not begun to scratch the surface of my week at the Show World. There are many tales to tell, but I shall save the rest of them for another time.

My 7 days of 37 shows finally came to an end, and although it was hard work and exhausting, it was also lots of fun, and I loved every moment of it! So perhaps I'll be on stage again soon. But whatever I'm doing, I want you beautiful people to remember one of my mottos:"Smoking is bad for cocksucking". Until next time.

Love and Sucks,
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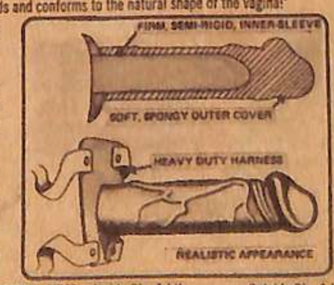

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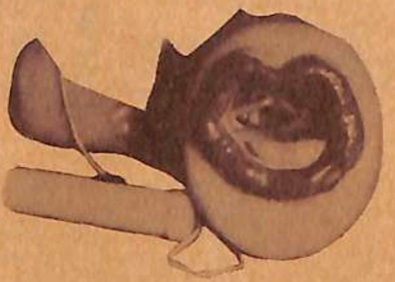

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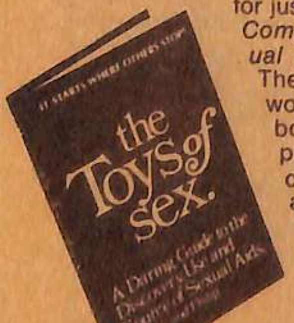

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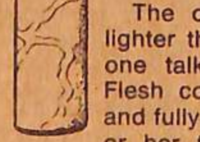

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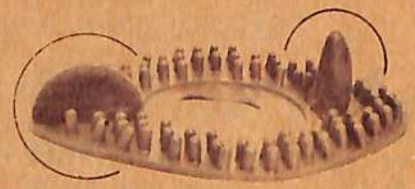

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BOSTON CONFIDENTIAL

(Continued from page 29)

manipulation. Always ready, willing and able, a girl's digits are truly her very best friends.

As I get more and more pregnant my sex drives seem to be on the increase; some important changes, however, are taking place.

For one thing, once my belly starts getting bigger, the traditional positions aren't comfortable any more. Male on top is definitely out, because of pressure on my expanding uterus. Doggie style is out, too, because there isn't as much space in my cunt as before, and my husband banging up against my cervix becomes painful. As the baby gets bigger, there's less and less room up there! So one of our usual positions is me on top. This is very stimulating, as I can control the length and strength of his thrusts. Since my husband is very nicely endowed, my controlling the thrusts is becoming very important, due to the decreasing space in which to thrust! However, anal sex which I so dearly love has become next to impossible. Again, no room. I'm also told that in the later stages of pregnancy any anal stimulation could bring on labor. I don't know if this is true, but I do know that it's no longer pleasurable.

But, there's always one thing which we can do, and do indulge in frequently, regardless of how big I get: oral sex. We loved it before, and love it even more now. In fact, the lack of room and restriction of positions for screwing has given our "oral imagination" a real boost. Whipped cream, ice cubes, honey, you name it—we've been digging it.

One thing which we've noticed ever since I began to feel the baby move is that the baby becomes very quiet once I begin to get excited. After it's all over, then she/he comes back to life, kicking and wiggling. It's as if the baby is lying back, enjoying the sex too. Or maybe she/he's just being considerate of mamma? At any rate, the baby *has* to have a healthy desire for sex, considering how much we've been and are indulging!

Oh, yes, a word on the "strange cravings" which pregnant women get: I haven't had any cravings for strange food (unless double cheese pizzas and Hershey bars qualify), but my cravings for sex are oftentimes strange and at weird times. Would you believe . . . *during* breakfast? (Not before or after—during!) And my husband and I have tried many, many more kinky things since I became pregnant. It's my theory that all those pregnant women who send their husbands out on midnight forays searching for peanut butter ice cream *really* want a nice fat pickle—stuck you know where!

At any rate, wish us luck—it's our first—and we'll need all the luck we can get. We're hoping for a girl. Until next time, keep sucking and fucking, readers. You *know* that we are!

GUARANTEED TO SPREAD HER LEGS
If you think aphrodisiacs are hot stuff you haven't tried **HEAT**. Now you can put her in heat quicker and make her hotter than with any pill you've ever tried! We **GUARANTEE** that she will spread her legs for you again and again or your **MONEY BACK!** Highly concentrated. Positive results in less than 10 minutes. Pack of 9 only $2.95 or 3 Packs (27) for only $6.95.
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Battle of Miami

(Continued from page 54)

principal spokesperson, concerned that Bryant's one-note emphasis on the Bible is turning away support for repeal of the ordinance. Kunst resigned in March from the Dade County Coalition and formed a new group, Miami Victory, after several months of disagreements with Coalition leadership, especially co-chairperson Bob Basker, over appropriate direction for the campaign on behalf of the ordinance. "Bob (Kunst) was too bogged down in the Transperience Center/humanism/bisexuality/ all-we-need-is-love trip," says a Coalition member. "He was turning people off by sounding like a preacher."

Bryant and Kunst engender mixed and sometimes bitterly negative feelings among people whom they have known and with whom they have worked. Miami's gay-activist power structure has never altogether trusted Kunst—to a great extent because, until roughly a year ago, he refused to publicly identify himself as a homosexual and yet urged them to do so to give their movement greater political potency—and he has been accused alternately of being disruptive, irresponsible, ego-driven and a possible CIA plant. A one-time friend of Bryant's pointedly questions her motives and describes her as "the most selfish person I have ever known. There's nobody greedier or more deceitful on earth." Others, however, see them as basically kind and sincere, if manipulative, people—as a man and a woman who possess a common persuasiveness they both use to maximum advantage in pursuit of their personal and political goals.

Physically, they are an appealing pair, with outdoorsy good looks and a softly seductive manner. Privately, they are given to punctuating conversations with gentle squeezes of the hand, light touches on the arm, soulful "try to see things my way" looks into the eyes. Publicly, whatever their political failings, they are both extremely mediagenic. To reporters preparing stories about the growing national debate over homosexuality, Kunst and Bryant are the prototypal Irresistible Force and Immovable Object, the highly quotable, somewhat romantic symbols of their respective positions.

Caught in the middle of what may be modern society's most explosive controversy, both Bryant and Kunst say they have misgivings about their new prominence. Effects on their families concern them; Bryant fears for the safety of her children; Kunst worries about his mother's feelings at seeing him represented so widely as a child who has *not* been "saved." Both wonder if they will ever be able to return to the lives they'd grown comfortably accustomed to, and refer happily to the days ahead when "this" is all over. But, reasonably, "this" could have been over sometime ago for both of them. Having successfully raised an issue, they could have retreated at any time and allowed the seasoned politicians of the Coalition and Save Our Children to continue the fight. Kunst and Bryant share a missionary's insistence on crusading right up until the day of judgment, even beyond the limits of personal energy and skill. "This" is the ultimate campaign for both of them. As it has integrated Kunsts's multiple commitments as a social activist, a homosexual and a prophet of lóve-and-let-love modernism, it has pieced into a cohesive whole Bryant's identities as a mother, a celebrity and an old-line fundamental Christian. They have been driven by private forces to a place that has been almost inevitable for both of them—the last stage of a long and complicated process each calls "coming out."

***

No one had to recruit Anita Bryant into Christianity. To the culture in which she grew up, a child's passage into the arms of the church was almost as sure and unavoidable an event as puberty. Indeed, the two often occurred at about the same time. At 13, Anita rededicated her life to Christ by joining the First Baptist Church of Midwest City, Oklahoma—fulfilling a plan she'd set for herself, with encouragement from her grandfather, five years earlier. That same year, she kept yet another promise she'd made to her eight-year-old self. Again with her grandfather's support, she recorded an inspirational song, "Somebody Cares," and dedicated herself anew to pursuing the childhood dream of becoming a famous entertainer.

At that time and in that place, a young girl with strong career drives was regarded with much the same alarm as was a young boy who showed insufficient interest in such manly pursuits as football and fishing. Both, it was widely believed, would come to no good end. A life in show business was especially unthinkable for a Christian woman, so Anita was understandably circumspect about her hopes for the future. At 16, however, she had to deal directly with the fact that her two life-guiding decisions seemed to be mutually exclusive. She'd been offered a chance to appear on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*; should she accept and take this important first step toward a professional singing career, or should she give herself wholly to the Christian commitments for which she'd been born, raised and educated. Prayer provided the answer. With God's guidance, Anita Bryant determined that she could do both.

By 18, Anita had done enough performing to have acquired a poise and personality she showed to good effect in the 1959 Miss America pageant. Second runner-up, she received a college scholarship and enrolled the following fall in Northwestern University. By this time, however, her career left little time for serious study. A featured regular on Don McNeill's *Breakfast Club*, she was pushing her first big record—"Till There Was You," recorded nearly two years earlier, had just begun to catch on nationally—toward gold record sales. Before her freshman year had ended, Anita dropped out of school altogether and embarked on a promotional tour that brought her to Miami for a meeting with Bob Green, a hot, young disc jockey then rumored to be Dick Clark's successor on *American Bandstand* if the payola scandal further tarnished Clark's reputation. Green had been one of the first DJs in the country to give air time to "Till There Was You," and the president of the record company thought she could benefit by meeting him personally. After a long but largely correspondence courtship, the couple married on June 25, 1960, in Tulsa, Oklahoma. (One of that city's largest radio stations declared "Anita Bryant-Green day.")

The new Mrs. Green did not relish living in Miami. She maintained an Old Testament fear of big cities as centers of depravity and decadence, and believed that life was simpler, sweeter and holier in the small towns of Inner America. But show business careers do not thrive in hamlets like Velma-Alma, Oklahoma, Green reminded her; if she wanted to continue her career, they would have to live closer to the entertainment action. Settled in as a Keystone Point housewife, Bryant began to have second thoughts about some of the demands of her work. Disapproving of their atmosphere, she stopped performing in nightclubs. Unwilling to be away for long periods, she declined offers to star in touring companies of Broadway musicals. In 1963, she and her husband adopted a son; a few months later, she gave birth to a daughter. While continuing to record—"Paper Roses" and "My Little Corner of the World" were her other million-sellers—and doing occasional TV guest spots, her career tapered away as she devoted herself more to her family.

In 1969, the year after Bryant had attracted considerable attention by appearing at both national political conventions, she gave birth to twins, a boy and a girl who arrived two months premature and a full day apart. It was a complicated, Caesarean-section delivery, and the national media kept careful watch as the children—later dubbed the "Miracle Babies"—hovered near death in a Miami hospital. The Greens received a huge volume of cards and letters from around the nation. Weak and frail, scarcely able to sing, Bryant emerged from the hospital to announce that she had been so moved by these expressions of concern that she intended to resume her career with gratitude and restored purpose.

Bryant's first public performance after the twins' birth suggested that her new career would offer a pronounced contrast to the old. Previously, she had not made a strong public point about her religious convictions. In fact, her husband once called her a "hypocrite" for failing to "testify" openly and use the power of her prominence to bring others to the life of Christian dedication. In 1963, she took Green's advice and appeared in Fort Lauderdale with Billy Graham, when the evangelist brought his crusade to the beach in the hope of calling thousands of vacationing college students back to God. Gradually, her references to religion increased and she added more and more inspirational songs to the repertoire she used in public appearances (many of them at conventions and trade shows) and the recording studio (20 of her 40 albums are religious in nature). In March 1969, only two months after her release from the hospital, Bryant appeared at the Youth for Decency rally in the Orange Bowl—an event which she helped organize with Jackie Gleason to protest what they saw as *in*decency in many youth-oriented forms of popular entertainment. (They were particularly outraged by a concert earlier that month, in which the late Jim Morrison simulated masturbation on the stage of Dinner Key Auditorium.) Anita Bryant's "public witness" was underway. It needed only to be focused.

As indicated by her appearances at the Graham and Decency rallies, Bryant has always had a particular concern for the souls of the young. Her seven inspirational books (including *Bless This Food*, a collection of recipes interspliced with religious anecdotes) and a substantial portion of her private conversations deal heavily with the moral guidance required by her children, society's children, "God's children." The young, she feels, suffer profound consequences for the "moral decay" their elders have allowed to spread throughout the land. Increasing public tolerance of homosexuality is, she believes, particularly graphic proof of that decay. In January of this year, her pastor and members of her church told her of an ordinance before the Dade County Commission introduced by Ruth Shack, a friend and the wife of her own booking agent, Dick Shack. The ordinance, Bryant was told, would require that homosexuals be hired as teachers by local private schools like that in which her own children are enrolled. She had been thinking for some time of embarking on a "Revival America" campaign to alert the nation to the extent of grassroots resistance to the growing sexual permissiveness of our laws and attitudes, but she did not know where to begin. Before the Commission had decided on the ordinance, God gave her direction.

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In the vernacular of the gay community, "coming out" has a double-edged definition. It means, first, the point at which an individual recognizes him-or-herself as having a same-sex preference and, usually much later, the point at which the individual becomes comfortable enough with that preference to be open about it.

Bob Kunst took the first step early in life, somewhere between his seventh and eighth year. "My experiences were never with anybody recruiting me, you should pardon the expression. They were with other kids, my friends. I had my own built-in support system, so there was no reason to feel any guilt. Obviously, I knew all the words for people who did what I was doing—"fairy" and "queer" and so forth. I just figured, 'Okay, I'm a fairy. So's Joey and Johnny and Billy. So what?' The only time I ever thought maybe I was doing something wrong was when I was 12. My bar mitzvah was coming up and I was doing a lot of thinking about what it was supposed to mean to be a man. I decided to go the whole nine yards: no more sex with guys. It didn't work, so I quit fighting."

Kunst's only serious inner conflict over homosexuality concerned the possible reactions of his parents. "Even when I was very young, I knew this was something they shouldn't find out." In 1960, while he was a freshman at the University of Miami, his mother received the first of many years' worth of anonymous letters dealing with her son's sexuality. "To this day, I don't know who sent them, or why," Kunst says, "but when my mother confronted me with the first one, I immediately told her it was all a vicious lie." Primarily "to get away from family and friends and a place I'd known all my life," but partially to discover his sexual identity without worrying that his parents might discover it at the same time, he left school and moved to New York a year later.

Within months after his arrival, Kunst met the man with whom he lived for the next six years. "David was a Southern Baptist and very uptight about a lot of things," he says. "Sometimes I'd want to grab his hand in public or something and I'd feel cheated that he wouldn't let me. But the kind of conditioning he grew up with isn't easy to get over. Anyway, we had our $30-a-month, two-room walkup on the Lower East Side, and when we were there together, there wasn't anybody in the world who could have been happier."

Kunst's mother, who didn't know the nature of the relationship between the two young men but who liked "Bob's roommate David," visited periodically. During one trip, she and Bob received a special-delivery package from Miami. The collection of anonymous letters—five years' worth—was inside. "My father had found them and he freaked out. He wanted to have me put away. I had a decision to make. My father had already had one heart attack. I needed my mother's help to convince him that all this terrible stuff wasn't true. I said, 'All right, it's just the way those letters say. Are you going to help me keep this from Dad, or are we going to let him kill himself with all this rage?' Two days later, when she left, she kissed me and said, 'We'll do this together.' "

After several years in New York, Kunst moved to Boston to accept a better job with the encyclopedia publisher for whom he'd started as a salesman. For awhile, he commuted between work and weekends with David. But then, as the relationship paled, Kunst decided that he needed to get away once again from the familiar. He quit, packed off for Europe, arriving in London on the first day of the 1967 Arab-Israeli Six-Day War. When the war ended, Kunst took the first non-military plane into Israel. "Surrounded by all this incredibly moving evidence of how oppression can be overcome as long as there are people who are willing to fight it," he rededicated himself to the idea of "doing something with my life more important than selling encyclopedias."

Back in Miami just as Eugene McCarthy's maverick campaign for the presidency was gathering momentum, Kunst got involved in New Left politics. He talked about gay liberation as "part of the total package" but didn't mention his own personal stake in the issue. "For one thing," he says, "there was my father." And for another, he feared that identifying himself as homosexual would destroy his political future. After his father's death, and after it had become apparent that he *had* no political future, at least not in any conventional sense, Kunst offered different reasons for his refusal to take the second step toward "coming out." Though almost exclusively homosexual in terms of experience, he preferred to call himself bisexual, reflecting the full human range of physical and emotional intimacy. "I am a complex person, no one thing," he says, "and I didn't like the idea of attaching any narrow label to my life."

Two things changed his mind. By the mid-70s, a galaxy of gay-movement superstars had risen on the national scene and Kunst felt that most of them cast homosexuality in an essentially negative light. "They were trying to be so *acceptable* they ended up apologizing for themselves." The second factor that brought him to publicly identify himself as gay was Kunst's private rage—sharpened and intensified one night slightly more than a year ago on Fuller Street in Coconut Grove. "I was talking to a few friends on the corner and one of Miami's finest comes along and tells us to move." Kunst argued and was issued a ticket for failing to have a light on his bicycle. "It was so obviously a case of harrassment, one of those petty little things gays live with and never bother to fight. Everybody knows Fuller Street is a big cruising spot. But I wasn't cruising, if you can believe that. I went home and wrote all night, getting my thoughts down on paper. The next day, I sent a letter to *The Miami News*, describing the whole situation and making it obvious I was gay. Just before I mailed it, I thought, 'Are you sure you want to do this? I mean, the whole town's going to *know*.' I was scared to death."

Once Kunst took this step, the others followed quickly. He helped organize the Coalition, established its presence during last fall's local election and lobbied to get Ruth Shack to introduce the ordinance. "It's incredible what happens to you when you put yourself on the line and nobody chops your head off. It's like this great rush."

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Beneath the verbal rubble produced by the months-long debate over the Dade County ordinance, there exists a man and a woman and a relatively simple question of social change. Kunst says change is essential to the human rights of thousands of area residents; Bryant says change will jeopardize the rights of an even greater number of people.

Actually, a change has already taken place—and it is a significant one. A local talk-show host, quoted in *New Times* magazine, suggests that no single issue has so monopolized the community in his 20 years here. No wonder: for a hundred times that 20-year period, public conflict over homosexuality has been a largely unspoken but strongly implied part of civilization. To many people here and across the nation, the confrontation between Anita Bryant and Bob Kunst has provided a first chance to discuss a subject that had been troubling them somewhere deep beneath the surface, where confusion grows. It has been 30 years since a midwestern zoologist named Alfred Kinsey shocked the nation with his report that homosexuality was far more prevalent than anyone had guessed. It is only in the last decade that society has begun to question what Kinsey saw as a pronounced difference between sexual attitudes and sexual behavior. Provoked by the sometimes sideshow characteristics of the Kunst-Bryant crusades, conversation is underway—and conversation, no matter how shrill and argumentative, is the vital first step toward the resolution of any conflict.

Resolution of the ordinance question will perhaps mean shattering personal defeat for either Bryant or Kunst, but neither acknowledges that: not now, not in mid-battle. Regardless of the outcome, both say they will continue writing and speaking, respectively spreading the word from the book of Leviticus and the gospel of love. Again, these are missionaries of a sort, and missionaries must work around private pain—tirelessly, single-mindedly. Absolutely.

□

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 27)

too.

"Mommy, I asked the little boy next door to fuck me, but he ran away and acted afraid of me. I even had one of those rubbers to put on his cock, but since he ran away, I blew it up and bounced it in the air. Then the dog grabbed it and popped it with his teeth."

I would probably laugh at that, and then I'd tell her she is too young to fuck. I would explain that fucking is for grown-ups, that children have so many wonderful toys to play with that they don't need sex. Grown ups don't have toys to play with the way kids do, so they play sex games instead. Sometimes grown-ups play a sort of hide-and-go seek game with sex, but they try to act sophisticated about it. A good example is when a man tries to pick a girl up in a bar. She says she will meet him somewhere, but doesn't show up. Or she will give him a phony phone number or address, and she hides while he tries to find her.

Little children should enjoy being little children as long as they can. Their games are much more fun than grown-up games. Grown-up games can be so very cruel at times.

Then she might say, "Yes, Mommy, I think I would rather go to the amusement park and play, instead of fucking. Besides, when Sally's daddy started fucking her mommy, it didn't look like much fun. He said he had to fuck her upside down because of the baby in her stomach. He said he used to fuck in the 'missionary' position but now the baby is in the way.

"Sally giggled and asked if she had yelled 'Stop, stop' when she was a baby. He said she even tried kicking him off. He said once, when she was in her mommy's stomach, she even kicked him in the balls, and *that* was when he decided to start fucking upside down. Why do missionaries fuck only one way, Mommy?"

I would explain to her that a lot of religious people worship sex and call it sacred. Then they make up all kinds of crazy rules about how to do it. But sex is a physical function of the body, same as eating, sleeping and going to the toilet. God is not interested in our sex lives. He is more interested in our spiritual life, and our acts of kindness and charity. Forcing someone to have sex against their will is bad. A person's free will is sacred, and people should try not to hurt other people.

"Sally's daddy hurt her mommy, I think," she might say. "When he was fucking her she would gasp as if she was in pain, and he started acting funny too. He sort of screamed and yelled, moaned and groaned. Even though it seemed to hurt her, Sally's mommy kept saying, 'Oh, I love it, oh fuck me, fuck me, it feels so good. Fuck me!'

"Sally started laughing and jumping up and down, clasping her hands together, saying 'Fuck her, daddy. Fuck her *good*!"

"Sally's daddy yelled 'I'm going to come, I'm going to come, are you coming?' She sort of gasped again, and looked as if it hurt real bad. Then she said, "No, *I'm* not coming, but you better hurry and call the doctor, I think the *baby* is *coming*!"

"Sally's daddy said his cock gets hard when he looks at a woman with a baby in her stomach. He said before he got married, he used to go to whore houses and ask if they had a pregnant girl so he could get excited just looking at her big stomach and big tits. He would get hot thinking how a man fucked her and made her that way."

She might ask, "Does Daddy fuck you, Mommy?"

I would laugh and say, "No, my darling, I fuck *him*."

"How is that, Mommy?"

"Someday you will understand, my little one, but it is best not to think about those things while you are a little child. Sex is for grown-ups. It is so much more fun to be a child than to be a grown-up. Enjoy your childhood while you can. Someday, when you are grown-up, you might wish you were a happy, carefree little child again. Sex makes children grow up too fast, and those wonderful years of childhood become lost."

Then I would ask Sally's last name and address. I would make a mental note to visit her parents and tell them to leave my child's sex education to me. Then I would ask if they would show me how they fuck upside down, as I might want to try that position next time Peter Lovejoy gets me pregnant.

It is okay for teachers to teach sex in school on an academic level, but otherwise I think people should let the child's parents tell them about sex. I would also explain my theory of the stork to Sally's parents, and make an appointment to tell the teacher at school about the stork, too.

I don't go in for pornography for kids or X-rated movies or drinking hard liquor, even though a little wine might be okay. I think kids should enjoy their childhood while they can. How sweet the innocence of youth! St. Augustine said youth isn't innocent, but rather, youth is ignorant. So I might say, how sweet the ignorance of youth. To know adult things is to grow up too fast. I want my kids to play hop-scotch, jump rope, hide-and-go-seek, I want them to build castles in the sand. All too soon they will grow up. Don't spoil those beautiful years with the heavy burden of sex.

I'm sorry I wasn't able to work Show World in New York City on Easter Week as planned. As you all must know, the mayor, Abe Beame, *personally* closed the place down about a week or so before I was booked in there. It is a long, sad story. They even arrested Little Dynamite, whom I adore, showing on TV how they dragged her out of there barefooted. My heart aches for them.

I remember all the wonderful people who came to see me last year when I worked at the Roxy theater in New York. All the old time customers from 42nd Street were there, whom I've known for seven years now. The Whistler, Joe, Ernie, Dominick, Sam the Shrink, (whom I gave a blow job in Central Park long ago) Jim, and even Bill, a policeman I knew years ago. They all showed up. Several girls I used to know, Lulu, Yvonne the China Doll, and some new ones too—Virgo, Dynamite, and a darling Spanish girl who invited me to her birthday party in a Spanish bar where we had a ball. I'm going to go over my notes and write more notes and details in a future issue of CHERI.

Right now, I am writing this in my dressing room at The Plaza Theater, only two blocks from the White House. I keep thinking of President Carter and his "Human Rights" program. We demand our right to be human, and we aren't going to take this sexual repression lying down!

This week I'm working with April Lisa, Sheba, and Debbie. A very fine show. A customer named Jim came in with his girlfriend, Mary, and asked me to autograph two copies of CHERI after the show. It was Mary's first time in a burlesque show and she seemed to enjoy it. She suggested I pop bingo numbers out of my puss for bingo games. Jim said he first jacked off at age 18 in a monastery, imagining he was having spiritual children by doing so. Very interesting idea.

Spencer, the wonderful bus driver on my route home (I prefer city buses to taxi-cabs) told me last night that he saw me on the Panorama TV show discussing decriminalization of prostitution. He said there are several political leaders in Washington, D.C. favoring legalization of prostitution, besides Councilman Marion Barry, and we should be getting some very liberal laws in Washington, D.C. soon. I hope and pray we will always have human rights in this country.

Next issue, I will write about the highly entertaining audience at the Golden 33 Club in Philadelphia, and in the October issue I hope to have a copy of the Camden County New Jersey Health Department report on my pussyburgers.

Thank you for your wonderful letters, I save every one. I hope to catch up on my mail soon. Remember, as world famous Gibby of Pittsburg says, "Honeysuckle's farts don't stink." Stop farting around and give a copy of CHERI to a friend.

GREAT AMERICAN CLITS

(Continued from page 7)

seen—just from having my name on the wall.

Check it out. "She loves it in the ass & gives Good Head! Call after 9 pm, 1-517-485-3677. Ask for Cat." Need I say more? I love sex!!!

Maybe next year I'll get into your cocksucking contest. Everyone says my mouth should have been my cunt. Take care and keep up the good work.

Love to you all,
Kathy & Mark

We called, of course. . . . And wrote. . . . And soon received this reply:

EXHIBIT 2

Dear Friends,

Well, we're finally getting around to writing that letter you wanted. Sorry it took so long, but after we told our friends we were going to be in CHERI Magazine they all wanted to see the pictures before we sent them. As of right now I think we have half of Lansing buying CHERI.

Our hobbies other than sex are just about any summer sport you can name. We're into camping, swimming, hanging out on beaches and just plain love the sun. As for winter, at the first sign of snow we begin increasing our indoor hobbies even more . . . *(smile)*.

Now! For Sex!!! There isn't much we don't get into. We've been into swinging for a little over a year so I guess we are not really beginners. We improve all the time, and it seems our lives have been a lot more together and our relationship a lot deeper since we've begun swinging. We can be straight, kinky or bi-sexual. We don't get into pain, but don't put down people who do. We do like a little B & D once in a while, in a mild way.

Now, I'll tell you our individual sex interests. I (Kathy) love anal sex and I really get off on swallowing come. To me there is nothing better than sucking a hard, throbbing dick. I also get into threesomes (guys and chicks) and orgies, which we've had the opportunity to do quite often in the past six or eight months. It even turns me on to watch another couple fucking. I like people watching me fuck too. I guess you might say I'm a voyeur and an exhibitionist, as well. We even know a brother and sister who get it on, but they prefer to remain anonymous.

Now, for Mark's sex interests. His number one favorite thing is to have his cock sucked and licked all over while a finger is playing around in his ass. He also digs a playful spanking once in a while. And when it comes to fucking he really knows how to use that cock. He's exceptionally good with his tongue, too. He can eat pussy for hours and gets off as much as I do when he fucks me in the ass.

I guess that about covers it. As you can tell, our whole lifestyle revolves around sex. We love every minute of it. I hope these pictures are as good as you expected them to be. But if not, there are plenty more where they came from. We just want everyone to know we are really CHERI material—both *physically* and *mentally*.

Love to you all
Kathy & Mark

FEELE

(Continued from page 30)

wallpaper patterned with Grecian urns, which, coupled with a plaster fountain garlanded with brightly-colored plastic flowers, lent a decidely religious air to the theater.

When we told Mario that we hadn't brought any sexy underwear along, he immediately piled us into his beige Cadillac and drove us to *K and K Fashions*, where we selected some G-strings, garter belts and fishnet stockings. I drew the line at open crotched panties—there's something about them that I still find faintly obscene.

When we arrived at our hotel room, Cherry and I looked at each other and said, "Room Service!" simultaneously. I dove for the phone. "What's the most fattening thing you've got on the menu? O.K. Two strawberry pies with whipped cream, and two teas." That night Mario took us to the *Playboy Club* for dinner along with some friends of his. Everyone tanked up a bit first at the bar, with lavish drinks made with three fat fingers of *Glen Fiddich* laced with good Chicago water. I passed on the drinks, the reaction of 86 proof Scotch on a queasy 35-year-old stomach being all too predictable.

That night, we settled into what became our nightly routine which consisted of ordering two strawberry pies with whipped cream, and two brandies (the effect of 20-year-old *Remy Martin* on a certain stomach being just fine), turning on the worst World War II reruns we could find—and we had quite a selection on that—diving under the covers, and trying not to think about sex.

On Friday morning, we received a mysterious phone call at 9:30. "Big Arnie will be waiting for you at 11:00." It sounded faintly ominous, and we were relieved to see a heavyset, genial man smiling at us when we came downstairs, ready to escort us to the theater. Other than our time at the hotel, in fact, we were constantly flanked by at least one, and often two, men whom we came to refer to fondly as our "hit men".

While we were dressing (or, more appropriately, undressing) for our act, in the upstairs office, Mario told us that we'd be staying inside between shows, as we were too far outside the downtown area to take jaunts. We got to know that office very well—the old signs from the thirties in a *deco*-type face, reading: ADMISSION, 15¢, CHILDREN, 10¢, and the low, disinterested buzz periodically emitted by a device heralding the entrance of a customer into the theater. After four days of twelve hours a stretch in that room, it looked as though a platoon of heavily skagged-out soldiers had bivouacked there.

Mario looked at the clock. "It's time to go on stage." Cherry and I looked each other over. She looked like a sultan's wet dream with a pink turban wrapped around a curly auburn wig, while I, in my teepee-town gown, looked like a schoolteacher on holiday in *Sodom and Gomorrah*, which is exactly what I am.

Cherry and I clasped hands tightly and walked down the marble steps leading from the office to the catafalque-shaped platform where we were to do our act. Mario introduced us as "The 60-inch Cherry Bomb and her friend, Suzanne Feele, an assistant editor at CHERI Magazine who are here to entertain you." Big round of applause. I took a deep breath, pulled the mike out of its stand, and began: "Hi, there, all you horny honchos, super studs and macho mammary devotees—I'm Suzanne Feele, and standing next to me, if you haven't already figured it out, is the fabulous Cherry Bomb."

After the act, the audience had a chance to ask us questions. Some of them I was prepared for, such as: "Have you ever been in an X-rated film?" "*Almost*." "Do you like golden showers?" "*Only with* Grand Brut *Champagne*." Other questions were unexpected. One man actually asked me if I liked fucking dwarves. I told him that I'd once been in love with a dwarf named Murray but that I'd had to terminate the relationship because I got tired of having to carry him around on my shoulders at parades, and having to always accompany him on elevators because he couldn't reach the buttons over the third floor.

The audience liked all that, but they were more interested in having us pose. They really got off on our doing ass touching, tit-to-tit and toe-touching shots. There was only one scream of "Show us some beaver." Cherry responded icily to that with a disdainful, "Ah only shows mah pink for CHERI Magazine." With my skimpy garter belt on, I was displaying a lot more pink than I thought, as I was later to discover.

When we went into the lobby to sign autographs, I was surprised by the composition of the audience. I had expected the usual Times Square types—Peeping Toms, greasers, breathers, feelers, and raincoat jackers-off. Instead, I was politely introduced to respectable businessmen and professionals. I couldn't help wondering where all these guys' wives were at 12:30 p.m.—probably still in pink curlers whisking up something in chocolate and peanut butter for the annual *Pillsbury Bake-Off*.

Between shows, we hung out in the office, dozing and reading the Chicago phone directory. Did you know that if you're in Chicago, need one of your poppers, and have left your prescription back in Sheboygan, that you can call the Northwest Pharmacy at 1876 N. Milwaukee Avenue, and they'll get it over the phone? Or that if you wake up in the middle of the night feeling frightened or anxious that you can call the *Crisis Intervention Service* and someone will come right over and hold your hand? That's what I call a Big Town.

During the third show on Friday, amid the phosphorescent glare, I noticed a man crouched close to the stage, avidly snapping pictures of me. Our eyes locked, and I lost my breath for a moment. There he was—*my Middle-American fantasy man*—blond and beautiful, with an enigmatic smile playing about his lips, wearing a plaid flannel jacket and open-laced hush puppies. I tore my eyes away from him and continued with the show, but I couldn't get him out of my head for the next two hours.

When I mounted the platform for the last show, I glanced over at the audience, and I couldn't believe it! There he was. I felt like Ruth amid the alien corn fields. "Whither thou goest, I will go" escaped my lips involuntarily. Flashbulbs popped and rockets exploded in my head. When I went into the lobby, he took some more pictures of me, and left without saying a word. On Saturday, I looked to see if he'd come back, but he never showed. It was too much to hope for.

Luckily, I was distracted by a delightful event at the second show, Andrea Ambers, our publisher at CHERI, who is possibly the woman with the most perfect waist-hip definition in the Western Hemisphere, was in town with Fanne Foxe, covering the swing scene. They decided to come on stage with us.

I can in no way do justice to the bacchanal that ensued on stage with the four of us cavorting about at once, other than to say that what we lacked in *finesse* we more than made up for in volume. Some of the men in the audience started up a chorus of, "Fanne, take it off," but the lady in question, who was recovering from a delicate operation, was in no humor to have even one shoulder bared, so Andrea and I figured that we'd just have to compensate.

A member of the audience asked us to do a "tube shot," and once it was explained that it was a bent over pose with our heads between our legs, we readily obliged, although Andrea lessened its erotic impact somewhat by sticking out her tongue. Cherry was also doing her bit by jumping rope double-time while chewing gum, and throwing balloons out into the audience.

We got some feedback later on our performance from Mario, who said that a CBS news team had been there, and the anchorman had said, "This is the most *unprofessional* show I've ever seen in my life," after which they all walked off, lock, stock and camera crew!

By Sunday, I was getting stir crazy, and the films, which I was starting to watch between performances, were getting me horny. I ask you, how many times can you watch C.J. Lang getting a triple insertion (ass, mouth and cunt, simultaneously) by the likes of Johnny Holmes, Tony Perez and some new superstud, without going completely bonkers?

You can appreciate my delight, then, when I looked out into the audience at the next show and saw my Adonis, in that old familiar position with his shutter cocked. He came up to me in the lobby and asked, "May I take a picture with you?" Does a bear shit in the woods? He put his arms around me, and pressed his body to mine. I trembled violently, and my groin started undulating in his direction like a tropism. My two protectors were flanking me and I was sure they'd disapprove of my fraternizing with the audience. What to do? I whispered in the pink-shell ear next to mine, "*Mariott Hotel*, at midnight." His nod was almost imperceptible.

My heart was racing. I was sure something would go wrong—but no, there he was at the last show, spiffied up in a grey suit, his cleanest dirty shirt (as he later explained) and laced shoes. My protectors smiled when they saw him. So no one cared after all! When we were outside, Thom's opening remark to me was, "*You've got a beautiful venus mound and perfect labia majora*."

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I WAS SPEECHLESS.

When I recovered from the shock, I suggested that we go to one of the bars in the Mariott Hotel—no sense in straying too far from the bed—and we wound up in the Windjammer Lounge with a lot of soused conventioneers. We got a little down and dirty on Andrea True's, "More, More, More", and by the fourth black Russian, I lurched to the house phone, and politely asked Cherry to disappear.

Thom brushed his cheek against mine at the table. "*Who fixed your nose*?" He whispered tenderly in my ear. "Dr. Diamond," I replied bitterly. He was wasting no time in jumping on my case. "Let's go up to my room," I suggested, to change the subject. At least I'd be on *my* turf there.

He lay down on my bed with the nonchalance of a paying guest, a thatch of straw-gold hair falling in a heavy line over one side of his face. I ran my fingers slowly around the curve of his forehead and cheek, and left it lingering on his full lips.

"You're beautiful," I said. *"You're wonderfully average,"* he countered. After several minutes of hot necking, he asked, "Do you trust me enough to go back to my place?" I took out the four one-hundred-dollar bills that Mario had given me that day, and peeled them off slowly into his hand. "Keep these Franklins for me until I'm ready to go back to New York," I said. "Let's go."

He started a blaze in the fireplace, and we lay down in front of it on an Icelandic sheepskin rug, and we started kissing and caressing again. The warmth of the flames made my genital juices heat up and sizzle like cooking oil. I quickly disengaged myself from my clothing and ground my body against his. "Would you do me one small favor?" He asked. "Anything." (I have no pride). *"Put on your panties and bra. I'd like to take some pictures of you."*

FOR THE SECOND TIME IN MY LIFE, I WAS SPEECHLESS.

I reluctantly foraged around for my underwear, and spent the next ten minutes trying to look like a Maidenform bra model, instead of a ferret in heat, which is how I felt. When the photo session was completed, we climbed the spiral staircase to his bedroom loft.

I checked out the furnishings along the way. Lots of swords on the wall, heavy Spanish furniture and a full-sized suit of armor. This dude was either into Don Quixote or the Spanish Inquisition. At best, I expected to find a windmill upstairs. More likely, there'd be a Torquemada array of shackles, labia spreaders, spiked leather restraints and other means of cruel and unusual punishment. I breathed a sigh of relief upon spying the king-sized waterbed. *That* i knew how to deal with. For the rest of the night, we were lost at sea, swaying with the pitch and roll which didn't abate until morning.

By Monday morning, I was considering extending my stay in Chicago. I called Peter Wolff from Mario's office after the second show that day and said, "I think I'm staying here forever." Peter indicated that he really didn't give a shit, and I started having fantasies about living in suburbia, starting a little vegetable garden, and having Tupperware parties.

The next few days we did some sightseeing, ate lots of ethnic junk food, and spent long nights trying to navigate a steady course on the rollicking waves of the waterbed. My favorite everythings.

I kept expressing amazement whenever Thom would eat me or maneuver me into an interesting fucking position, saying, "I can't believe they know about this in Middle America! What do they call this west of the Ohio Valley?" Our relationship, which we had coined, "Future Nostalgia," was truly a three-day wonder.

On my last evening in Chicago, we invited Thom's friend Lance, Cherry and Andrea to dinner, and had a gluttonous feast of chicken in wine sauce, and English trifle, which, in a moment of wild abandon, I had drenched much too lavishly in cognac. Somewhere between the main course and dessert, I exchanged glances with Thom, and that mystical call of one set of moist mucuous membranes to another passed between us. We excused ourselves from the table, ran up to the loft, and indulged in one last frenzy on the waterbed, which was, by now, beginning to smell like the Serengeti Plain.

By the time we descended the stairs, it was fifteen minutes to take-off time, and we still had a ten-minute drive to the airport. The hardest part of getting out of the house was forcibly tearing Andrea away from the trifle. We finally shoved her out the door, her hands dripping with whipped cream, custard, strawberries and bits of brandy-soaked cake.

At the airport, we created a stir Chicago will not forget soon—picture it, gang—me, Andrea and Cherry, junior to super-senior-sized boobs heaving madly in our CHERI T-shirts, bobbing along the runway, screaming, "Hold that plane! Hold the fucking plane!"

We boarded just as the propellors started to spin. We collapsed in our seats, leaned back and ordered three straight vodkas. Andrea scribbled a note to the pilot on one of Cherry's nude photos, informing him that we were all dying to go into the cockpit with him and boogey. We sipped our drinks and smiled at one another as the plane roared down the runway. We agreed that Chicago had been a smashing success.

ROCK WORLD

(Continued from page 15)

meet a man who likes his work.

One Dictators show and I was in love. And the music isn't the only irresistible part—Manitoba is, to me, the kind of beast you want to lock away in a Holiday Inn for the weekend. We could talk about . . . oh, the burden of being born beautiful, I guess.

Actually, the group was hot off a national tour with Kiss when I sent out word that I wanted to do them. They might've taken it the wrong way, because next day they were up at the CHERI offices, waiting to be done. Could they have misunderstood?

Of course we're real hip here and took the boys right in stride. One editor calmly announced she was quitting her job (of a year!) to follow them on tour to Pittsburgh. Our receptionist hasn't stopped drooling over the Polaroids, and our executive editor, the great Wolff, says that if he hears the album during one more editorial meeting we're not getting Labor Day off.

The Dictators are all winner, champs, but they weren't always fully appreciated. A couple of years back, they released an album on Epic entitled, "The Dictators Go Girl Crazy." Although they obviously had chops, they chose to use their debut as a vehicle for some very camp humor. Songs such as "Master Race Rock" and "Back to Africa" were fucking hysterical. However, on the other edge, it locked the band into a parody situation, and they weren't taken seriously as strong writers or musicians, with lines like:

"My favorite part of growing up
Is getting sick and throwing up."

But they threw out their drummer the day before the album came out—possibly an untimely decision. Now they had no band to tour and promote the record, which promptly disappeared.

"Then the group really went through rough times," says Dick. "The bread got desperate, we were handing out abortion pamphlets on street corners, but we just couldn't let this thing go. We moved upstate for a while and rehearsed six hours a day. When we came back and started playing around the city, a whole bunch of record companies checked us out. We wound up on Asylum, a very classy label. We're their first rock & roll—before us was just cocaine cowboys and Linda Ronstadt."

Now the first album's a collector's item and their cult extends even to Europe, where the kids need no translation for stuff that's loud and hot and good. Of all the bands that fell under the New York 'punk' category, the Dictators are the only metal marauder musicians of note. "But we were never really punks anyway," says Top Ten. "At first we were wise guys onstage, young, loud and snotty. But we always associated our arrogance more with the early Rolling Stones."

Rock's full of bullshit, but critics can't say enough good things about them. There are some, led by the brilliant Richard Meltzer, whose enthusiasm runs to stopping people on street corners. When they played San Francisco ("We were stars there!" says Scott. "If not the Beatles, at least the Dave Clark 5!") Paul Kantner of the Jefferson Starship was reported walking around in a state of ecstasy at the party afterwards; they're that good, that real.

Women get very excited at these things. Reminds me of my happy nights with the early Kinks, a bunch of British brawlers who've turned out some of the strongest, most original music around. Naturally I asked them how they handled the problem of girls rushing up and grabbing cock. "We have the image of a party band, and it's true . . ." says Adny. "But it's also not," says Dick. "We don't exploit people. I don't mind a girl coming up to kiss a rock star, though. And I will say that some of the best girls we meet—we find out later that they're prostitutes. They're the most interesting, and they have the best stories."

"There was one," says Adny, "an amazing transvestite in San Francisco. When I found out what she really was, it was too . . . late. But it had the most gorgeous face."

Now they're real hot celebrities, especially around here—since they revealed that they've read every single copy of CHERI since it started! How many great bands have the balls to make that claim?

"Imagine if we were running this magazine," mused Handsome Dick, "it would be total anarchy. Just like the Dick Van Dyke Show." I assured them that the way things are run now, we wouldn't notice the difference. Plus, many of our choicest models are from the Bronx, and Handsome Dick could help translate, to break down the language barrier.

"CHERI definitely has the best models," said Adny (assuring himself a lifetime subscription). "Like, the ones in Playboy, you don't know if they really like sex. But the girls in CHERI—you *know* they do."

I guess it's like trying to explain why the Dictators are so good. Words can't go far enough. They get especially pissed when some overeducated Humanities major tries to describe their 'art.' "That makes me sick," says Scott. "Those arty groups—they hang out in their bathrooms writing poetry. They never party, they never get real . . . You like art—take 'em. You like sleaze—take the Dictators!"

Do I have to tell you which one *I'd* choose?

I also spent some time with Jimmy Angel, an up-and-coming country/pop singer just signed to Laurie Records. His super-patriotic single, "Wake Up America," is climbing on the country charts and starting to cross over into pop.

Jimmy's had a really curious career. While playing shortstop for the Yankees' farm team in Johnsonville, Tennessee, he was spotted by New York manager Eddy Simonetti. In one of those strange twists of fate that change a life's course, Eddy, who was amazed at Jimmy's strong facial resemblance to Elvis Presley, convinced him that singing was even more fun than shortstopping. With the news that he even graduated from Presley's same high school in Memphis—Humes High—he was whisked into a full schedule of voice and stage coaching in New York.

His first records did not, as they say, make him a household word—but his pictures did. Featured in magazines like *Photoplay* and *Hollywood Exposed*, he got barrels of fan mail and was mobbed at personal appearances. He switched labels a few times and has finally hit the big time with this record—probably because the lyrics are so close to his own personal beliefs. Jimmy has more natural sincerity and old-fashioned Southern niceness than anyone outside the plot of *Gone With The Wind*.

And he's so much fun. Always telling me what a "Class Fox"—his highest term of approval for the female sex—I am, he plays baseball for our CHERI team, and we have a stone ball. With his incredible infield action and my unzipped halter tops, why, it seems we've won our last seven games!

PICK OF THE PERSONALS

(Continued from page 23)

Somewhere in a secret cellar in Oklahoma this crew of devoted envelope stuffers busily practice their trade, mailing out tons of tootsie pics to please fellow addicts. "95% of our stuff is for the foot fetishist and I am assuming that is what you want and am enclosing photos along that line," the letter continued.

The first snapshot featured a chick wearing an ill-fitting brunette wig and G-string bikini. She stood calmly perched on the head of a supine male. This dominatrix was barefoot, the better to expose her alluring ankles. The other photo I got in my $2.00 order presented a gartered lass in multicolored psychedelic spangled high-heels astride the protruding stomach of a middle-aged man lying on the floor. Neither model looked especially dramatic or thrilled by what she was doing, but I guess these kinds of photos are more popular for the erotic activities they *suggest* to foot fetishists than as complete-in-themselves horny experiences; sort of the way a diagram isn't of much use to anyone unless they understand something of the principle that it's explaining.

These sexy scenarios were quite professionally posed and arranged. Even with fancy equipment and studio lighting the photos fortunately managed to maintain an intimate touch and the pictures just didn't look mass produced. For the price you have to pay for a cup of coffee and a donut these days, a person could do much worse than spend $2.00 on these tasty photographic morsels.

***

There's a movie called "The Exterminating Angel" but what on earth could *this* be? "Church of the Intimidated Angel needs missionaries, all areas. Free ordainment upon acceptance. Send $1.00 for all information and application to International Society of the Intimidated Angel, 339 West Broadway, San Diego, CA 92101. Serve!" My curiosity got the best of me so I sent a buck west in the next morning's mail.

Bracing myself for absolutely anything, I soon learned from their brochure that this organization purports to run worldwide orphanages and shelters for underprivileged kids. They enclosed mimeo sheets displaying facts and photos about their work with children who they call "Victims of Economic, Cultural, Religious, and Social Intimidation." I also got a wallet sized membership card and a promise that my Missionary Application Form would soon be on its way.

Passing judgement on this group goes beyond my realm of experience and duty, but I do wonder why these supposedly pious people put their ad in smutty newspapers. If they're legitimate they're bound to be surprised when they start getting all sorts of bizarre and perverse inquiries about the kids

***

One rainy Monday, while flipping idly through a porn mag I spied a photo that quickly dispelled the afternoon's gloom. She looked, well, so *genuine* and vivacious, posed in nothing but garters and stockings, with a big smile on her face, that I decided to write to this model right away. "Young housewife has photos for sale, also cassette tapes and lingerie available to collectors" read the accompanying blurb.

For my $2.00 and SASE the postman quickly brought back a letter from "Frank Fox" at PO Box 617, Old Bridge, New Jersey 08857. This lithesome lady first described the range of hot merchandise she's got up for grabs: "My black and white photo sets consist of 8 pics for $8.00. These include nudes and semi-nudes, bi scenes, threesomes (2 girls and one guy), myself with a guy, myself with dildoes, dynamite spread shots, bathroom scenes, bondage, demanding mistress with slave girl, and hair pulling pics."

Although her note was typewritten, it used the kind of script where the letters are connected and look something like handwriting. It's surprising how much more personal this makes a communique seem: a little trick other mail order entrepreneurs might keep in mind if they resort to machine made correspondence to save time.

As an indication of her honesty this honey frankly confessed that although she has "8mm.color stag films for $15.00", she gets these sizzling flicks from outside sources and they unfortunately don't feature her thespian and sundry talents.

The sample photo she sent showed the same tantalizing jeune fille that caught my eye in the magazine ad, although I must admit this second picture was much less flattering. She stood here in three quarter profile, hand on her feathery rump, with a psychedelic curtain backdrop that could serve as a museum piece to symbolize the art of the entire Hippie Era. It's swirling lines and bright hypnotic design stole the show from the alluring lady who rightly should've been the center of attention.

This alias "Frank Fox" delivered her goods as promised, without bother or undue fuss (except for the migrain-inducing curtain), quickly and sincerely. Her efficiently run porn service is a prime example of how the American free enterprise system can occasionally be an arousing success. If Uncle Sam could see us now . . .!

Bye till next month!

TWIN CITY TWAT

(Continued from page 26)

Sam is not aware that I am writing for this arrangement, as I would like to be able to tell him something definite before I tell him I wrote you. Why not send me some good nude pictures of you both, and I will send some of us after I hear from you. How far are you from the Minneapolis Airport?

Well, I'd better close and get this in the mail. The faster you get it the sooner we can meet in person.

Always, A new friend,
Joan

I answered Joan's letter, saying that I would love to meet her, but that John would be joining us in our fun. I sent her a couple of good photos of us. I told her it was an absolute must that we have pictures of both of them before we agree to meet them, but that if everything she wrote us was true, we were in for one hell of a good time.

March 8, 1977

Dear Lynn & John,

Hi there. I was beginning to think I wasn't going to hear from you through the 'Hot Line'. After all, I wrote before Xmas.

I still haven't told Sam about our correspondence, but I will tonight.

Tell John I really dig his manhood and I would love to have that hunk of meat to nibble or bury deep in my cunt and asshole. I see you dig using dildos, too. I have one that is 20" long with two heads. It's great for two girls to fuck each other at the same time, but the most fun is when we girls each take an end in our assholes, backing up to each other to see who can take the most. One girl I used it with was only 16 years old, and she took over 10 inches without any problem. Sam also digs dildos. He shoves one up my ass while he fucks my cunt, or visa-versa.

(Continued on page 97)

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I certify that I am 21 years of age or older and fully understand that the merchandise I am ordering may be considered sexually oriented.

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PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION

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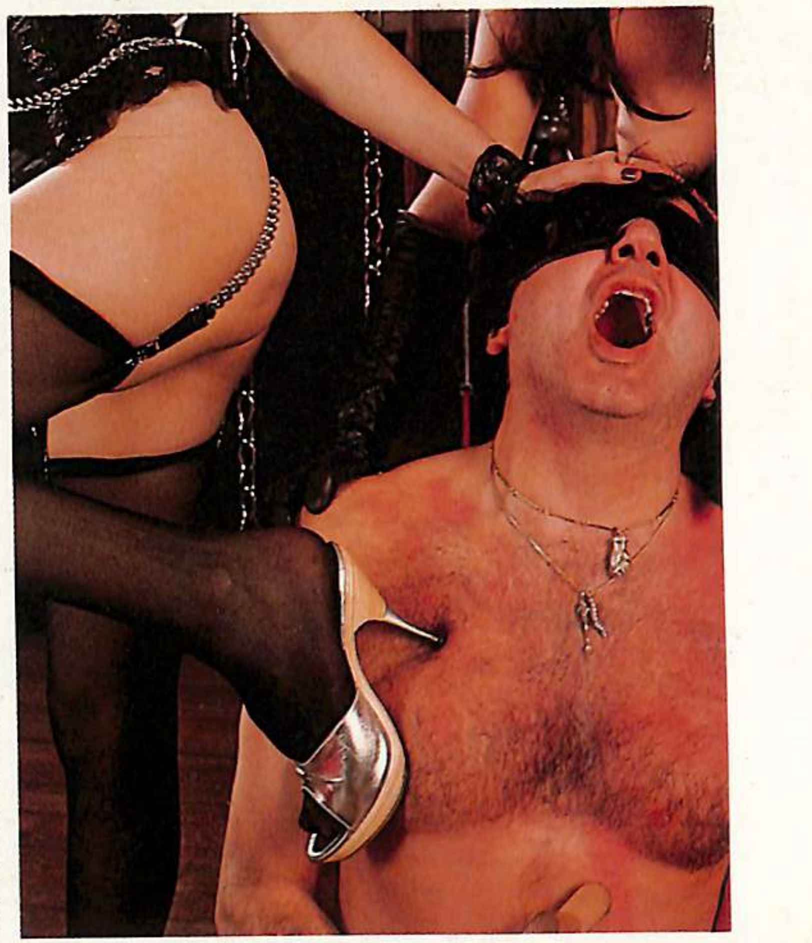
THE TAMING OF A TYCOON

Part Two

By Miss Vickie

PHOTOS BY PETER HURD

"Slaves need to atone for their sins. They can fuck over many people before they realize their one big sin is not being able to perform adequately for a woman. I teach them how to give pleasure, thereby transforming them . . ."



In Part One of Miss Vickie's incredible story, we witnessed Vickie's charismatic power over her bi-sexual lover, Lisa, whom she lured into the woods for the express purpose of indoctrination into her world of subordination. Vickie, who had tied her devoted slave to a tree overnight and left him hanging, met Lisa at a local disco. She decided that Lisa had enough subverted energy to handle the scene, and lured her to the spot. Lisa, spellbound, and more than a little tough, responded naturally enough to her panties being sucked, not to mention her ass being licked by a hot

tongue. Vickie, confident of Lisa's unsung potential, took her and the slave to her own completely equipped apartment for a few more gymnastic exercises.

At the finale of Part One, we see our Vickie at a gas station, asking the attendant if he would like to see what is making so much noise inside her trunk. (It's her slave, naturally.)

She pissed a long shower and shovéd the bowl under her slave's nose . . . demanding that he lick the "home-made urine soup" slowly, drop by drop.
She attached wires to his balls, explaining, "This electric crank box will cause the most obstinate of the strong to fall on their knees and snort like a pig."

"Some kind of animal?" the attendant sounded hopeful as he listened to the violent thrashing from within the trunk.

Vickie slid back into the car in one smooth stride. "The lowest form of animal!" she said softly to herself.

They headed for home through the deserted streets of early morning. When they arrived at the complex, Vickie quickly unlocked the trunk while Lisa opened the apartment door. Glaring at her demoralized slave, Vickie freed his ankles, hissing, "Get upstairs, fool—now!"

Once inside, Vickie pulled him into her guest bathroom

by the chain around his neck. She fastened the chain to a rack on the wall, granting him some small freedom of movement from the floor to the tub.

Her voice lowered to a sarcastic rasp. "You have exactly five minutes to shower and clean up your grimy act. After you have sterilized yourself you may crawl under my vanity table and wait."

She turned, taking Lisa by the hand. "This room had better be spotless when I return." They made an abrupt exit, leaving the slave alone, trembling and sweating.

He gratefully showered the rivulets of dirt from his body, pampering the stinging welts and sore muscles for as long as he dared. Then he dutifully crept under the table and waited in a squatting stance.

The two mistresses, freshened by a few drinks, cheap laughs, and a change of clothing, came to fetch him. They found him kneeling, his head to the floor.

"Turn around and look at us."

He raised his eyes slowly from the thin spike heels and long slender legs in black stockings, to the soft fleshy inner thighs and taut bellies under transparent negligees. He lowered his gaze in a jerky motion, more distressed than ever.

Vickie smiled knowingly.

"The assortment of repugnant duties you will perform tonight will make the time crawl for you. This will be the longest evening you've experienced in a long time."

She placed a tender foot on his neck, forcing his face into the thick carpeting and crooned: "You are going to lick our feet as you watch us make love to each other. Then we may get a few fine dudes to come over and fuck us. You will gag from the tension as you suffer in bondage. After we're finished we may allow you to clean our pussies and fuck our assholes with your slimy tongue. You will be tormented until you are spent and useless and I am ready to let you go."

Having dispensed with introductions, Vickie placed a pair of leather restraints on his wrists and led him to a special room, fortified with many locks. Lisa followed on her heels.

Vickie unlocked the intricate mechanisms. The walls of the room were lined with racks and other torture devices. In the center of the darkened chamber two red candles flickered.

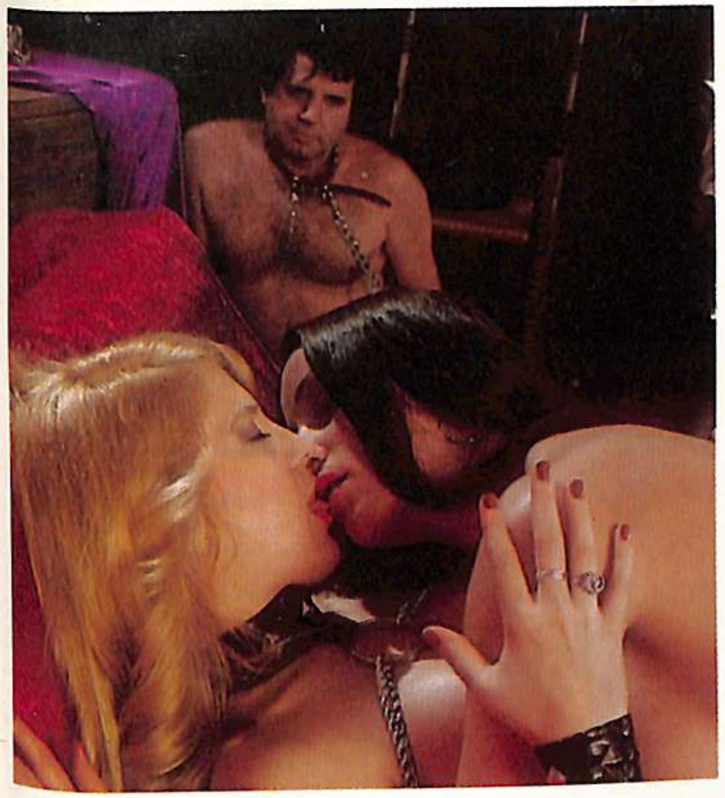
Vickie studied the reactions of her slave with amusement.

"I formally introduce you to my playroom!"

Lisa sauntered with a gamey bounce to a fireplace at one end of the room, the window behind her obscured by heavy drawn drapes. She sipped at her gin and tonic as she watched with anticipation.

Vickie wasted no time. "For openers, Slave, I'm going to remove all the hair from your crotch! If you so much as grimace I'll include your head and eyebrows, which I may do anyhow."

She laughed angrily, slapping his cock. She raised his arms over his head, attaching his wrist restraints to hooks in the wall, then shaved him quickly until he was raw. She was not satisfied until his every pore was white and smooth as a baby's ass. Then she stepped back to admire her own artistry.



"I believe your cock is much longer now. You hid it too well with all that hair. This exposure suits you much better, and besides, you'll have to live with it for several weeks . . . you know that, don't you?"

Without giving her slave a chance to reflect, Vickie began her game in earnest. She chose from her paraphernalia a leather ball-spreader with which she encircled his cock and balls. She connected long wires to each ball with an alligator clip. As she locked her slave into a chastity belt, his glazed eyes followed the path of the wire dangling from his balls. They led to a closed door.

We're going to watch your cheap histrionics until we get ourselves all wet and sexed up." Vickie burst out laughing, but stopped just as suddenly. She glared at his prick, squeezing it hard.

"You fucking turd, you are *one big nothing*! Zilch! You are less than nothing because I made you that way. Later, when I leave you alone in this room, you will contemplate your wretched place in life, I'm sure of that!

"I suppose you would like to see what's on the *other end* of these wires dangling from your balls?" She pinched his nipples with her long nails. "Where do you think they they go?"

Squirming from the pain in his tits, he braced himself for some strange and terrifying pain to come.

(Continued on page 96)

THE TAMING OF A TYCOON

(Continued from page 95)

"I guess they are connected to some sort of electrical device."

"Well, as usual, you are *almost* right, Slave!"

From behind the closed door she brought the apparatus into view. In her able hands was an old-fashioned telephone crank-generator.

"This crank box will cause the most obstinate of the strong to fall to their knees and snort like a pig." Her eyes gleamed as she teased him. "Now, let's show Lisa what a good dancer you are."

She turned the handle with slow relish. An excruciating electrical fire pierced his balls. He screamed shrilly, losing control, but Vickie silenced him with a sharp slap across the face.

"Now that I've given you a taste of what to expect you can get ready for it! Any more noise and I'll stuff that mouth of yours with a dirty rag. And you'd be fucking sorry for it!"

As Vickie continued the charges, the slave's entire body gave jumping spastic spasms; he squirmed like a wildman. Both Vickie and Lisa, drinks in hand, laughed at the sight and were amused for a short period of time.

Tiring of his antics, Vickie ripped off his chastity belt and slipped a cock-ring over her slave. She looked briefly at Lisa, who was so hot she could hardly stand still.

"Lisa, suck on his prick, make it nice and hard. Don't worry about giving him a few well-placed bites with your teeth. He deserves it."

Lisa had completely discarded all her shyness by this time, and was really starting to get into it. It wasn't long before a full-blown hard-on was in view.

Vickie took a peter whip out of her purse and handed it to Lisa. The peter whip, actually a miniature cat-o-nine, gives a terrible sting, but will not leave marks or cut the skin.

"Here Lisa, give him a few lessons of your own."

Lisa tentatively worked with the nuances of the peter whip as Vickie crossed the room, opening the doors of a large closet interfaced with full-length mirrors. She positioned the mirrors at a right angle, so that her slave could view himself being tortured, punished and humiliated.

Giving Lisa a few minutes, Vickie checked on the generator, making sure the wires were still attached to the slave's balls. She beckoned for Lisa to follow her and prepared her slave for solitary confinement.

"Hang around," she said in a campy street-corner style. "The anticipation is greater when you can see your own agonizing pain, never knowing when it will strike you." She stared directly into his eyes. "Think about me, baby."

Gently stroking the generator with her fingertips, she tossed the hair from her eyes, and closed the door behind her.

Alone and terrorized, the slave fought to free himself by trying to rip the chains from the ceiling. Vickie, hearing the racket from her invisible source, rewarded him promptly with a twist of the generator, sending a crippling explosion to his balls. Doubled over, he wondered, "What pleasure could my Mistress get from my pain when she is not even here to see it?" Confused and exhausted, his body nonetheless remained rigid with fear.

Vickie and Lisa, fucking and sucking each other in the bedroom, watched every move he made from behind the mirror—a two-way trick job. He would never guess that they watched his agony from the other side of the closet mirrors. In between orgasms they enjoyed using the generator, his pain heightening their pleasure.

Vickie bored quickly of this sophomoric prank.

"Let me show you how well trained he is. Watch and listen to this."

She entered the chamber with a bowl. Then she unchained his cuffs from the ceiling. Commanding him to get on his knees, she chained his feet to his arms, enabling him to crawl around the room on all fours. She yanked his head up by the chin and stared at his full, pouty lips.

"I thought my slave would be thirsty."

She placed the bowl between her legs and pissed a long golden shower. Shoving it under his stunned nose, she demanded, "Smell it!" Next to the stinking bowl she placed a cooking-timer, set for ten minutes, and issued her ultimatum: "When the bell goes off, I will return. For your sake, all of my piss had better be lapped up with not a drop on the floor! Do you understand?"

The slave did not reply as he stared catatonically at the bowl.

"Lisa, turn the handle and give our poor slave a sudden burst of energy!"

He doubled over in pain, clutching at his freshly shaven groin, but Vickie pulled him up by his hair.

"Now do you understand?"

"Yes, Miss Vickie, yes ma'am."

"Good, very good. Now I will leave you in peace to enjoy your—shall we call it—urine soup?"

In the bedroom Lisa was on her knees watching the whole scene. Vickie walked in, laughing hysterically.

"You're too much, Vickie. It's amazing how you handle him."

"You would be surprised how much fun I have with my slaves, and they love it because it helps them psychologically."

Turning to watch him through the trick mirror, Vickie analyzed his behavior for Lisa.

"Look at him, he just stares at the bowl, and being pressured by a time limit makes his decision urgent. But I will tell you exactly what he's going to do: first he'll try to hide it; he'll look for a place to dump it out. He will use up most of his allotted time before he realizes *that* won't work, and in a blind panic, he'll finally take a tiny sip from the bowl. Then he'll make an awful face and choke.

"At this point he'll experience a false sense of strength. He'll decide to risk my punishment rather than suffer the salty taste of my warm piss. When he gets to this point, I'll give him a couple of turns from my charming generator, just to remind him of my power. He will realize his hesitation is futile, and in the few seconds left, will lap up every single drop of piss from that bowl."

Vickie was elated as she watched him suffer through the exact useless strategies she had predicted.

The bell went off. Miss Vickie and Lisa sauntered majestically into the gloom-ridden chamber.

"Did you enjoy your soup?"

The slave did not answer, but crouched in moody silence.

Vickie sprung into action like a wild animal. In a furious rage, she picked up a leather strap and laid ten lashes up and down his back.

"How dare you ignore me when I ask you a direct question!"

He began to cry and whimper, but nothing could stop Vickie now. He had insulted her in front of Lisa. She would make sure he never blundered like this again.

"Get your ass up off that floor."

She secured a sophisticated body harness on her slave. Then she took a steel pulley with a ski rope and connected it to a bolt in the ceiling. Knowledgeable of boating, Vickie was adroit in creating this type of predicament and would soon be picking up her slave like a large bag of potatoes with the 10-to-one ratio of the pulley.

Lisa had never seen Vickie so angry and was frozen in awe as she watched the determined preparation for Al's execution. She figured that Vickie knew what she was doing, but the intensity of Vikie's anger made her fidgety.

A two-pound metal ball with chain was placed around his balls. Having it merely hanging from his balls was terrible in itself, but Miss Vickie insisted that Lisa keep the weight swinging to and fro like a pendulum. Cries and moans came from the slave, but still that wasn't enough for her.

"There is an ancient Chinese torture that leaves an impression for quite a long time. You have angered me, and you will suffer."

The slave knew that he was in for deep trouble, and that pleas for leniency would only make things worse for him.

From the closet Vickie brought five two-feet long bamboo shoots, bound at one end, giving them the appearance of a thin broom.

"Bamboo and cane are the worst instruments of pain that is lasting. I'm going to give you five *hard* lashes across the bottom of your feet. I dare say you are in the worst predicament you have *ever* been in your entire life. I would hold my breath if I were you."

Slowly, severely she lashed across his bare feet, and the pain was unbelievable for the slave. She gagged his mouth with a face mask containing an inverted dildo, still allowing plenty of room for breathing.

Lisa, unable to stand it anymore, intervened.

"Vickie, you are hurting him badly."

"Lisa, if he is hurting so terribly, then why is his cock throbbing as if it were about to explode? He loves it, his cock throbs with each lash. The world of pleasurable pain may seem strange to you Lisa, but he can take anything I give him now. He is broken and loves it. He actually feels no pain, all he feels is the erotic."

As she continued to lash she glanced at Lisa's puzzled face.

"You don't believe me. The worst punishment I could possibly give him now would be to . . . *stop*! I'll prove it to you. Remove his mask!"

Lisa removed his mask, giving him the right to speak freely.

Miss Vickie, still whipping his burning feet, asked, "You love what I'm doing to you, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, it hurts so terribly, but I want it, I want to hurt for you, I will take anything from you."

In a hypnotic state he murmured his feelings of ecstasy.

"Please torture me, I've been such a prick. I've deserved this from you for such a long time. I'm yours, mercilessly yours. Give me more, I beg you . . ."

Vickie switched the lashes to his ass.

"You see Lisa, if you were to so much as touch that throbbing cock of his, he would come so hard it would reach the ceiling."

Vickie had only half-finished. She launched into the last and final round.

"Remember that I told you that I help my slaves as well as hurt them. I have kept this oil kingpin from the couch of a headshrink for two years. He had so much guilt in him that he wanted his just punishment. His problem is that he is Chairman of the Board at a powerful oil company and everyone is afraid of him. The tables are turned now and he knows what I am capable of. Admit it, Slave!"

"Yes, yes it's true, all true! Thank you Miss Vickie, thank you! I've searched years for you."

"I know you have. Now you think that every time you step on some asshole or make your family miserable, you can come to me for punishment and humiliation and all will be forgiven in your mind."

He nodded his head agreeably.

"I want to come back to you again. Yes, I need you."

Vickie drew her ace.

"I'm afraid not. The worst pain is yet to come. The worst punishment of all is that there is no one else out there who will ever do to you what I can. We both know it, there is no use looking."

"I don't understand, Miss Vickie, what punishment are you speaking of?"

"The punishment, dear Slave, is that you will never see or hear from me again. Never!" Her firm penalty resounded through the long silence that followed.

Lisa's mouth dropped open, her eyes wide and glistening.

"Out-of-far-fucking-sight! I've got to hand it to you, chick, you do know what you're doing."

The slave could not believe what he was hearing. He experienced vertigo, emotional vertigo, much worse than mere physical pain. Tears began to wind their way down his cheeks.

"Oh, please don't leave me forever. I will do anything you ask, I must belong to you . . ."

Vickie laughed. "But Slave, I told you that first moment we met. You didn't believe it then but you do *now*! I have helped you a thousand times more than I've hurt you and you will be feeling the results for a *long* time! Your feet will sting for days, your shaven body will remind you of me for weeks, but your heart will hurt forever. You will always remember how you felt that first time at the airport: with your hands held out and your pants down to your ankles, you were at last shackled and taken by me!"

Vickie knew exactly what she was doing. It satisfied her that she helped her slaves indirectly, though some would never come to realize it.

She lightly stepped from the room, a smile of completion on her lips, leaving Al in his confusion. Lisa, intrigued and somewhat ensnared, trailed after.

"Do you do the same with all your slaves, Miss Vickie?" Lisa caught herself too late. "Ohh, shit, listen to me, even I called you Miss Vickie."

"Why don't you say it, Lisa?"

Lisa paused, her voice softening. "Will you one day leave me forever, too?"

"You know where it's at, Lisa. It's best to cut a rose in full bloom than to watch it wilt and die slowly."

"What will you do with the slave now?"

"I think I'll place him in bondage on the floor, let him sleep the rest of the night. You and I can have the rest of the evening to ourselves and then—hey, little lady, you certainly ask a lot of questions!"

Vickie stroked Lisa's hair and kissed her softly.

"Well anyway, tomorrow I'll find an old pair of jeans for him. He'll awaken meek and embarrassed, truly thank me, and I'll drive him to the airport, where he will again be on his own—a new man, confused but happy with himself. That will be that."

The girls made love for several hours and then Lisa went home.

The next morning when Vickie came to get Al, he was again surprised. She was as beautiful in bright colored street clothes as she had been in dominating sexy clothes.

"Good morning, Al, did you sleep well?"

"No, not very well," he said meekly, trying to adjust to his new role. "I was thinking all night about what you said—never seeing you again."

"I have chosen to do this in your behalf."

"Won't you please reconsider?"

"You may call once in a while to talk, that's all."

"Thank you, Mistress." He kissed the toes of her rust-colored leather boots. "Thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"These jeans are the best I can do and you will have to take it from there. I've made your flight reservations for 10:46, non-stop to Los Angeles. Come have some coffee."

Miss Vickie can be a gracious hostess if she chooses.

While they talked the phone rang. It was Lisa, wanting to know if everything was alright. She sounded anxious.

"I want to talk to you about something, Vickie—it's personal."

"Do you want to talk about it now?"

"No. . . ."

"Well, I'll call you tonight about six or seven."

Vickie drove Al to the airport and bade him farewell. On the way home she visualized the events of the evening before and was aroused again. She decided to go home and use her vibrator.

As she pulled up in front of her apartment she saw someone standing at her door. She climbed the steps realizing who it was, and realized that some things never change.

It was Lisa. Her slacks were pulled down to her ankles, exposing a beautiful garter belt and black nylons of her own. She held her hands out in front of her, looking at Vickie from way down under.

"Tie them," she said.

TWIN CITY TWAT

(Continued from page 83)

Speaking of Sam, he just came in and I showed him your letter. Was he surprised! He really digs that shot of your asshole, and he told me to tell you he would love to shove his tongue in that little brown hole of yours, then replacing his tongue with his big black cock. I did tell you Sam was black, didn't I?

We are going to send you some pictures in a few days. We have a couple in Hawaii that swing with us, and we'll have them shoot the pictures.

I hate to admit this, but I get off better and easier (and faster) with a girl than I do with a man. Don't get me wrong, I like my live cocks, too. (Smile)

Say, how about your phone number, is it listed? We will be back in about two weeks and we would like to spend a few days with you. *Always & Always, Joan*

P.S. I have to mail this from overseas since I didn't finish before we left California.

I was in the process of writing an answer when I received this: *Dear John and Lynn,*

You don't know me but I am Sam. Joan has been corresponding with you for future meetings with us.

I have some bad news for you about her. She was one of the stewardesses and a victim in the Pam Am tragedy in the Canary Islands two weeks ago . . .

The letter goes on to tell what a great lover Sam is and how large his cock is, etc. . . . Not another word about Joan or any sign of sympathy for her and the others involved in that tragic accident.

Even though I never met Joan I feel a terrible loss for a very beautiful and loving girl. I will no longer correspond with Sam, who seems like a very selfish guy.

Next month I will be telling you about more letters plus a fantastic bi-sexual couple we're planning to get together with this week.

Until next issue, Keep On Swinging!

I, KIM POPE

(Continued from page 25)

future will see many of these talented performers being discovered by various filmmakers who will utilize their talents to the fullest. I, however, firmly believe that within the next five years you'll be seeing many of our major movie stars doing some hardcore footage . . . can you see it now, Faye Dunaway going down on Robert Redford or Burt Reynolds buggering Barbara Streisand, now that would really sell tickets!

Anyway, back to the loop-set. Shooting was finally finished at 4 a.m. The next day I found out that the cameraman had double-exposed most of the film, and that several rolls were misplaced completely.

Many film producers contend that it's a waste of time to make beautiful, imaginative films. They say you folks don't care.

I think this is a form of condescension, and insults all of us. I think you do care, and I want to prove it! I want to hear your ideas on the subject—about your personal experiences with "home entertainment." Most of all I want to hear your fantasies. What is your idea of a "perfect" loop?

I promise to share the best ideas with you folks, and who knows, I just might make the best one of all a reality. Just think, *your* favorite sexual fantasy filmed for posterity and shown to selected CHERI fans in limited edition form! These would be collector's items for sure. But unless *you* participate it will never happen. Remember, this is your magazine, and we all have to work together to make it the greatest!

Kim

"NAKED FREEDOM" in Austin, Texas

(Continued from page 68)

ensuing fiscal, social and media success of the project, it would be interesting to note exactly what this man told the people with the 80 grand. That is a fat sum, even in the high-contract world of the Austin record biz, and a pay-as-you-play free-love commune must have engendered some definite doubts. profit-and-loss-wise. "Now," explains Terry—Terry has a ready answer for every possible pitfall this project could fall prey to—"I could've simply approached them and said, 'You gotta run your place like this because it would be better for the human race'—I'm sure a number would have gone along on that basis alone. But you gotta get further faster, so I use the profit incentive. I tell them. 'Look, any standard complex operates on a 10% margin. But this special open environment is worth more to the people who live there, so they're willing to spend an extra 10%.' And, in general, there's relatively little capitol improvement as far as implementing the liberated aspects—which means they'll double their profits by raising the rent. Using the profit incentive is the one way we'll be successful promoting these environments nationally—possibly internationally!"

Within this grandiose scheme were the daily hassles of having a bunch of Texas strangers, freewheeling freethinkers all, living on top of each other with less and less each day to hide. "Do Not Enter," says the sign at the gate, "If offended by liberated lifestyle—includes nudity, cavorting in the pool, consensual frolicking, etc."—What about the tenants who didn't care for each other's particular brand of consensual frolicking?

Parker didn't see a problem there at all. He has evolved yet another social theory, his physical aggression treaty. "An act you consent to is not an aggression," he specifies. In lieu of a stiff bunch of rules and regulations concerning those acts not consented to, he advocates that a tenant "Stop and think—what is the considerate thing to do in this instance? It is possible for people to do exactly as they wish, provided they declare a physical aggression truce with one another. Then they can develop their own lifestyles—and I contend that *that* will make them more creative and productive. If this doesn't work—if a tenant gets obnoxious, let's say, and gets drunk and hangs around the girls at the pool, breathing in their faces—well, that's physical aggression and he'll have to go."

But so far there's been nothing Terry couldn't handle. All the bad vibes have come from the uptight outside world, which is still a little slow in catching up with his rarified erotic urban renewal. One of the slightly unattractive facts about the project is the Manor Villa Security Patrol, a group of tenants armed with table legs, Clint Eastwood visions and body alarms, who keep the place free from intruders. "Not for one moment will we give 'em a chance to characterize us as those hippie skinny-dippers—'Let's go give 'em a hard time,' a favorite redneck amusement. No way I'm gonna put up with that."

Parker's stubbornness extends as far as the selfsame government he derides for its everyday grip on American life. The Post Office tried to give Manor Villa a rough time for the bared boobs its carriers might encounter while delivering those wonderful catalogues from Sears. The carriers didn't protest at *all*. Parker was told that the carriers couldn't possibly be 'subjected to such a situation,' and the mail, therefore, could not be delivered. "Oh really?" he queried, "are they that weak in character?" The union president thought not. The postmen didn't like losing 78 mailboxes along their route. The tenants thought they might like getting their mail every now and then and so, after some self-righteous posturing all around, the mail did go through.

Then there was the Austin electric company. The meters were inside the locked gates, and the company has a long-standing policy of unannounced access for readings. They requested that the meters be moved outside, at no little expense, or that the gate be left unlocked, inviting in the old assortment of muggers and petty criminals. "Why couldn't the meter reader knock on the door, like any other civilized person?" Terry wondered. Finally, the company went along. Thus far, no meter readers have fallen into a life of personal corruption and moral turpitude, abandoning wife and kiddies in a swoon of released desires and suspiciously low electric bills all around.

Parker is very patient with interviewers, realizing that it's hard to grasp the sweetness of his theory by looking at photos of some groovy Woodstock types going off the deep end and listening to his 'living free' harangue, convincing as he is. "I can really promise you that this life de-energizes a lot of the tensions and anxieties a lot of people go through every day. People wind up opening their horizons and learning things. And I don't mean just the nudity—that's just the most controversial aspect, the most dramatic." Actually, many new tenants aren't eager at all to jump into the orgy, wherever it is. "But then anywhere from several hours to several days later, they'll be skinny-dipping in the pool."

Most residents hold workaday jobs, although there are two bands on the premises, and a fascinating assortment of those human beings who could be said to have refined their tastes to a point of some curiosity. Crazy Carl Hickerson, a candidate for Austin City Council, whose talents include balancing flowers on his fingertips, contortionism, nude trombone solos and go-go dancing, shares the scene with topless dancers and other theatrical types. There are also a lot of straights who simply like getting naked. And there are the best parties around, one featuring a personal appearance by Ms. All-Bare America. Terry works hard at organizing these parties, and a lot of good things go down, as the saying goes.

Freedom is another word for no clothes left to lose. "Oh yes, there's a lot of swapping, visiting around—but because we're tolerant of all lifestyles here, there are also tenants who never take their clothes off at all. But they're very civilized, too. They won't impose their preferences on others, because they like living here. There are all sorts of intangible benefits to a liberated environment. If you're pre-occupied with sex—if you come in thinking, 'Hmmmm, who's around that I can ball,' you'll miss an awful lot. This isn't the best place in town for hunting up strange meat—there's lots better hunting grounds. Better to think of Manor Villa as a place where you can bring friends back to, where you can hang out and relax . . . and in the process, you'll wind up having sex with different people. It's all wide open. Traditional swingers—people I've found to be very conservative in that they prefer to do everything surreptitiously. We're not gonna be secretive—we're gonna be downright defiant about our right to enjoy ourselves. Of course I get calls from people asking if there's a swingers' club on the premises. I say not to my knowledge, no one's really set up any structured arrangement—but you can come over and start one if you want. But if your fun had depended on skulking around in corners, this would take a lot of the kick out of it."

There is, thus, one hell of a lot of consensual cavorting—although never in front of kiddies or workmen, and never 'aggressing' towards other tenants who find it less than a turn-on. "Nudity," insists Parker, "is only part of the scene here. It's more of an atmosphere—live and let live." In his endearingly stubborn battle against authoritarian regimentation of sexual expression, he organized the River City Sexual Offenders Club, a direct retaliation against City Ordinance (Sec. 23-19), which makes it illegal in Austin, Texas, to engage in sexual intercourse with anyone other than a legal spouse.

Parker sees the forces of repression crawling out of every murky corner of American life, and he is ready to leap to the barricades and do battle for our libidos until every last one of us is loving free. Unfortunately, people get liberated on different personal schedules, and not everyone understands the laid-back lifestyle of a man, say, who goes around giving trombone solos in the buff.

"That's the real question, the heart of it," admits Parker. "Can really different types of people live together, on top of each other, actually, in fairly small apartments, with only my physical aggression treaty to keep things straight? So far, I think it is working. We're coexisting very happily, even with two bands living here—there's lots of different kinds of music with their rehearsing, and a bunch of stereos going.

His life's goal is to raise our esteem for our personal freedom, so many of us will oppose authoritarian intrusions on any level. When this idyllically utopian ideal is combined with a hard-line profit incentive, he may be the most practical philosopher of the sexually confused Seventies. We are none of us laboratory rats, and the emotional fallout from the failure of sexual liberation has yet to be worked through in many 'scenes.'

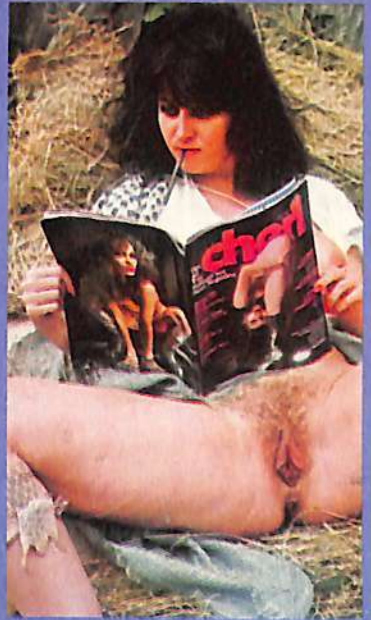
This experiment, though—as far as we could see—is working; Parker is both pleased and mildly surprised. "Of course, the physical aggression treaty isn't perfect—I can't make that claim. But it seems to work a heck of a lot better than anything else I've seen. If some guy, say, begins moving in on the girls at the pool, gawking at them, hassling their heads—I construe that as an aggression of sorts. But it's not really *physical* aggression. So I can go up to him and just point out that if he keeps it up, the girls will feel uncomfortable and go away. That will alienate a lot of people, who won't like him at all. He'll realize that no, he doesn't want to do that, and he'll stop.

"Listen, I was skeptical at first, myself. How could a simple, reasonable approach be more effective than a bunch of specific rules that push others around? But it works—because the people lucky enough to live in this environment begin to feel its benefits, and they don't want to muck them up."

UP AND CUMMING

TWIST AND SHOUT

HOLLOW WEINERS & OTHER TRICKS & TREATS



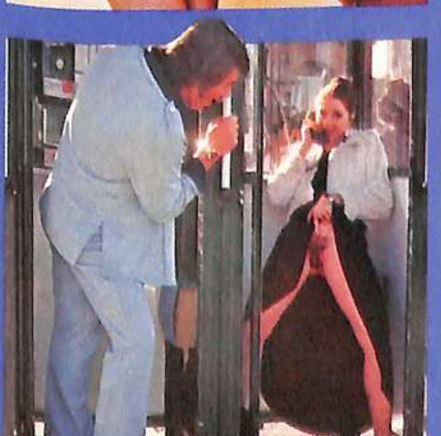
THE RETURN OF LOOSELIPS

DISNEYLAND DOLLY

HOW TORTURE TOYS ARE MADE

MORE GORGEOUS, HORNY, NEVER-BEFORE SEEN GIRLIES

NAVEL ACADEMY



FLASHING IN FRISCO

Hollywood's 6'2" Glamazon, Queen Adrena, joins the CHERI crew. . . . Andrea Ambers meets the new Miss Nude Universe (and Mr. Nude Trucker, to boot). . . . A report on a unique lifestyles convention in Chicago. . . . Mimi Mammari's feelthy fone call report. . . . Chinese sex potions you can't buy at the corner drugstore. . . . Nude whipfighting. . . .

HOODS NOSE ONLY
HOODS EYES-NOS
HOODS ZIPPER MOUTH
HALF HOODS
HOODS ZIPPER BACK

COMING IN OCTOBER

Alexzandra, our
May cover girl,
visits a torture
factory—
and gives
us a first-hand
consumer
report.

OPEN CRUTCH SHORTS
OPEN CRUTCH SHORTS W/ COD PIECE